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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The King's Own: a Novel. By the Author of the "Naval Officer." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is, for the most part, a tale of the sea, written, we believe, by an English post-captain, whose life has been more than usually active, and who, having seen much, not only in "the service," but out of it, seems determined to turn to account materials so acquired. The result of this determination is a very remarkable book, full of vigour, and characterised in many places by incidents of perfect originality, both as to conception and treatment. While we speak thus of the work as a whole, we cannot avoid expressing our opinion, that had it not been for the romances of Cooper, the novel before us would probably never have been written: not that it is, in the slightest degree, a copy of any of the sea-stories of the American; but that the great success of the latter as a naval novelist has excited the literary rivalry of English seamen, (for our navy can boast of men as distinguished for intellect as for physical hardihood); and hence the nautical tales which have recently been added to our literature.

The King's Own is the second novel of Captain Marryat. Of his first production, the *Naval Officer*, we spoke in terms of dispraise; because we saw in it evidences of haste, carelessness, rashness even, and, above all, want of due regard to that propriety which is now demanded and commanded in every branch of literary production. It was said of Sir John Vanbrugh, in an epigram of the day, that he often wanted *grace*, (meaning, in that instance, chastity of thought,) though he never wanted wit; and had it not been for the signs, and more than the signs, of intellectual force which we recognised in the *Naval Officer*, we should assuredly not have taken the pains to point out and reprehend what appeared to us to be defective in the taste of the writer. Nothing is more provoking than the slightest sign of mental perversion in a man of real talent. In the present work, however, we have no errors of that kind to condemn. The author has evidently written with greater care than before; he has, if we may so speak, respected his task,—he has learned, that to construct a fiction which shall represent truly human character, passions, and manners, as modified and contrasted by difference of occupation and variety of country, and rendered subservient to the purposes of a consistent tale, is not an undertaking to be lightly approached.

The story opens with a picture on board of one of the ships at the general mutiny of the Nore. In this particular ship the commotion was excited, as it too often has been, not by an unruly spirit among the men, but by oppression on the part of the commanding officer. The tyrant on this occasion is designated as a Captain A—; and we cannot help fearing, so strong and peculiar are the markings of his character, that he is not merely a phantom of the novelist's imagination. The accumulated

injustice heaped by this person on the head of one of his crew in particular, a man of the name of Peters, is a main cause of the mutiny, or rather, as in the case of Massaniello, it converts Peters, from an obedient sailor, to a formidable avenger, strong in his wrongs, and suddenly eloquent from a keen sense of them. The following scene, connected with this event, is very striking.

"The irritated mind of Peters was stimulated to join the disaffected parties. His pride, his superior education, and the acknowledgment among his shipmates that he was an injured man, all conspired to place him in the dangerous situation of ringleader on board of his own ship, the crew of which, although it had not actually joined in the mutiny, now shewed open signs of discontent. But the mine was soon exploded by the behaviour of the captain. Alarmed at the mutinous condition of the other ships which were anchored near to him, and the symptoms of dissatisfaction in his own, he proceeded to an act of unjustifiable severity, evidently impelled by fear, and not by resolution. He ordered several of the petty officers and leading men of the ship to be thrown into irons, because they were seen to be earnestly talking together on the fore-castle,—and, recollecting that his conduct towards Peters had been such as to warrant disaffection, he added him to the number. The effect of this injudicious step was immediate. The men came aft in a body on the quarter-deck, and requested to know the grounds upon which Peters and the other men had been placed in confinement; and, perceiving alarm in the countenance of the captain, notwithstanding the resolute bearing of the officers, they insisted upon the immediate release of their shipmates. Thus the first overt act of mutiny was brought on by the misconduct of the captain. The officers expostulated and threatened in vain. Three cheers were called for by a voice in the crowd, and three cheers were immediately given. The marines, who still remained true to their allegiance, had been ordered under arms; the first lieutenant of the ship—for the captain, trembling and confused, stood a mere cipher—gave the order for the ship's company to go down below, threatening to fire upon them if the order were not instantaneously obeyed. The captain of marines brought his men to the 'make ready,' and they were about to present, when the first lieutenant waved his hand to stop the decided measure, until he had first ascertained how far the mutiny was general. He stepped a few paces forward, and requested that every 'blue jacket' who was inclined to remain faithful to his king and country, would walk over from that side of the quarter-deck upon which the ship's company were assembled, to the one which was occupied by the officers and marines. A pause and silence ensued; when, after some pushing and elbowing through the crowd, William Adams, an elderly quartermaster, made his appearance in the front, and passed over to the side where the officers stood, while the hisses of the rest of the ship's com-

pany expressed their disapprobation of his conduct. The old man had just reached the other side of the deck, when, turning round like a lion at bay, with one foot on the *comings* of the hatchway, and his arm raised in the air to command attention, he addressed them in these few words: 'My lads, I have fought for my king five-and-thirty years, and have been too long in his service to turn a rebel in my old age.' Would it be credited that, after the mutiny had been quelled, no representation of this conduct was made to government by his captain? Yet such was the case, and such was the gratitude of Captain A—. The example shewn by Adams was not followed:—the ship's crew again cheered, and ran down the hatchways, leaving the officers and marines on deck. They first disarmed the sentry under the half deck, and released the prisoners, and then went forward to consult upon further operations. They were not long in deciding. A boatswain's mate, who was one of the ringleaders, piped, 'Stand by hammocks!' The men ran on deck, each seizing a hammock, and jumping with it down below on the main deck. The object of this manœuvre not being comprehended, they were suffered to execute it without interruption. In a few minutes they sent up the marine, whom they had disarmed when sentry over the prisoners, to state that they wished to speak with the captain and officers, who, after some discussion, agreed that they would descend and hear the proposals which the ship's company should make. Indeed, even with the aid of the marines, many of whom were wavering, resistance would now have been useless, and could only have cost them their lives; for they were surrounded by other ships who had hoisted the flag of insubordination, and whose guns were trained ready to pour in a destructive fire on the least sign of an attempt to purchase their anchor. To the main deck they consequently repaired. The scene which here presented itself was as striking as it was novel. The after part of the main-deck was occupied by the captain and officers, who had come down with the few marines who still continued steadfast to their duty, and one sailor only, Adams, who had so nobly stated his determination on the quarter-deck. The foremost part of the deck was tenanted by a noisy and tumultuous throng of seamen, whose heads only appeared above a barricade of hammocks, which they had formed across the deck, and out of which at two embrasures, admirably constructed, two long twenty-four pounders, loaded up to the muzzle with grape and canister shot, were pointed aft in the direction where the officers and marines were standing—a man at the breech of each gun, with a match in his hand, (which he occasionally blew, that the priming powder might be more rapidly ignited,) stood ready for the signal to fire. The captain, aghast at the sight, would have retreated; but the officers, formed of sterner materials, persuaded him to stay, although he shewed such evident signs of fear and perturbation as seriously to injure a cause,

in which resolution and presence of mind alone could avail. The mutineers, at the suggestion of Peters, had already sent aft their preliminary proposals, which were, that the officers and marines should surrender up their arms, and consider themselves under an arrest,—intimating, at the same time, that the first step in advance made by any one of their party would be the signal for applying the match to the touchholes of the guns. There was a pause and dead silence, as if it were a calm, although every passion was roused and on the alert, every bosom heaved tumultuously, and every pulse was trebled in its action. The same feeling which so powerfully affects the truant schoolboy,—who, aware of his offence, and dreading the punishment in perspective, can scarce enjoy the rapture of momentary emancipation,—acted upon the mutineers, in an increased ratio, proportioned to the magnitude of their stake. Some hearts beat with remembrance of injuries, and hopes of vengeance and retaliation; others with ambition, long dormant, bursting from its concealed recess; and many were actuated by that restlessness which induced them to consider any change to be preferable to the monotony of existence in compulsory servitude. Among the officers, some were oppressed with anxious forebodings of evil,—those peculiar sensations which, when death approaches nearly to the outward senses, alarm the heart; others experienced no feeling but that of manly fortitude and determination to die, if necessary, like men; in others, alas!—in which party, small as it was, the captain was pre-eminent—fear and trepidation amounted almost to the loss of reason. Such was the state of the main-deck of the ship at the moment in which we are now describing it to the reader. And yet, in the very centre of all this tumult, there was one who, although not indifferent to the scene around him, felt interested without being anxious—astonished without being alarmed. Between the contending and divided parties stood a little boy, about six years old. He was the perfection of childish beauty; chestnut hair waved in curls on his forehead, health glowed in his rosy cheeks, dimples sported over his face as he altered the expression of his countenance, and his large dark eyes flashed with intelligence and animation. He was dressed in mimic imitation of a man-of-war's-man,—loose trousers, tightened at the hips, to preclude the necessity of suspenders, and a white duck frock, with long sleeves and blue collar,—while a knife, attached to a lanyard, was suspended round his neck; a light and narrow-brimmed straw hat on his head, completed his attire. At times he looked aft at the officers and marines; at others he turned his eyes forward to the hammocks, behind which the ship's company were assembled. The sight was new to him; but he was already accustomed to reflect much, and to ask few questions. Go to the officers he did not, for the presence of the captain restrained him. Go to the ship's company he could not, for the barricade of hammocks prevented him. There he stood, in wonderment, but not in fear. There was something beautiful and affecting in the situation of the boy; calm, when all around him was anxious tumult; thoughtless, when the brains of others were oppressed with the accumulation of ideas; contented, where all was discontent; peaceful, where each party that he stood between was thirsting for each other's blood;—there he stood, the only happy, the only innocent one, amongst hundreds swayed by jarring interests and contending passions. And yet he was in

keeping, although in such strong contrast, with the rest of the picture; for where is the instance of the human mind being so thoroughly depraved, as not to have one good feeling left? Nothing exists so base and vile, as not to have one redeeming quality. There is no poison without some antidote—no precipice, however barren, without some trace of verdure—no desert, however vast, without some spring to refresh the parched traveller, some Oasis, some green spot, which, from its situation, in comparison with surrounding objects, appears almost heavenly;—and thus did the boy look almost angelic, standing as he did between the angry, exasperated parties on the main-deck of the disorganised ship. After some little time, he walked forward, and leant against one of the twenty-four pounders that was pointed out of the embrasure, the muzzle of which was on a level with, and intercepted by, his little head. Adams, the quarter-master, observing the dangerous situation of the child, stepped forward. (He saves him; and the author adds), Reader, this little boy will be the hero of our tale.”

The mutiny, however, is quelled, and Peters, as the ringleader, is hanged. His child is committed to the protection of an old sailor, who marks him with the broad arrow, and devotes him to the service of his king;—and in this affecting manner, and under this rough nurture, is the hero of the tale introduced to the reader. Nothing can be better conceived than this. The words which terminate the above extract—“Reader, this child will be the hero of our tale”—touch the ear with an ominous sound, and raise expectations which, as far as the hero himself is concerned, are, we are sorry to say, not fulfilled. The story itself, in many parts, particularly in the *finale*, is worthy of the noble commencement: but, alas! for the hero who, as a little child standing in the unconsciousness of infancy between the two desperate parties of men on board the mutinous ship, affects the reader almost to tears! One or two of the early events in his career are, indeed, very striking; but he soon degenerates into a well-disciplined midshipman, and hence loses all the individuality of character which might have been anticipated from the striking nature of his origin. The author himself is aware of this, and endeavours to reconcile himself to the hero's “decline and fall,” by alluding to some illustrious masters of fiction whose heroes are the most insipid characters of their tales.

In the course of the adventures of this story, which are many and various, we meet with sketches which would seem to be portraits of living naval officers; but we cannot afford room for any more extracts, and must very briefly state the characters which have pleased us most, and which demonstrate, we think, unequivocally, the author's strong dramatic talent. Foremost among these is McElvina, the smuggler, a perfectly original sketch; Admiral de Courcy, a tragic portraiture; Mr. Rainscourt, the *roué*, who repudiates his wife, and then makes love to her; Jerry, the midshipman, with his eternal jokes at all times and seasons; and Captain M. Though the author's chief scenes are at sea, his knowledge does not seem to be confined to maritime affairs; his general observations deserve attention; he is a shrewd observer, too, of human nature, and throws about his gibes with no little effect. With regard to the more reflective portions of his work, we prefer those which have reference to politics, wherein Captain Marryat seems to be rather a dexterous tactician. Altogether, we

are of opinion that few persons will take up the book without going fairly through it to the catastrophe, which startles the reader by its unexpected nature.

Satan; a Poem. By R. Montgomery. Second edition. London, 1830. Maunders.

WE are induced to take up this second edition of R. Montgomery's volume not more for his sake than for our own. To the first we did not pay that sufficient regard which we purposed, and which it merited; and the gauntlet run which the young poet has experienced from our brethren seems to require that we should do him justice.

Of his design and of its execution we spoke in our former Review; objecting, in some measure, to the former, and pointing out the overwhelming burden which both imposed upon the most skilful and ambitious author. But because we felt these obstacles, and because we noticed blemishes and faults in Mr. Montgomery's page, were we, therefore, to shut our eyes to the original beauties and true poetical powers which he also displayed? Far be it from the *Literary Gazette* to dispense such criticism, or subject youthful genius to ordeals of ridicule and tests of composition which no genius that ever existed could withstand. Be it ours, while we adhere to justice, to be the encouragers of literature: to any others we will leave the distinction of earning notoriety by the easy paths of censure and abuse.

In the third book of *Satan* are many splendid passages, which ought to shield any writer from the severity of criticism—at all events, from criticism fraught with the personal hostility which has been so evident respecting this publication: we will quote an example or two in proof.

“There is a stormy greatness, by the sense
Of vulgar apprehension half'd, yet vain
When match'd against an all-prevailing mind:
A warrior's glory in his banner waves;
The ocean-herd, where the tempest howl'd,
Outdared the winds; and echoes of renown
Roll mighty round the living head of each;
Yet ebb away to indistinct applause,
A dying sound when Death has call'd them home.

But he who makes the mind a fame, each thought
Eternized, will become a voiceless charm,
A thinking power, a still omnipotence,
Whence half the heaven on pinning earth will bloom.
For what a tale would time have told, had none
But through the thralldom of degrading sense,
And bade the spirit eloquently tell
Of truth, and beauty, and pervading love!”

In running over pictures of vain desires, we find the following:

“Another scene where happiness is sought!
A festive chamber, with its golden hues,
Its dream-like sounds, and languishing delights.
Since the far hour when England lay begirt
With savage darkness, how divinely raised
Art thou, Society! The polish'd mode,
The princely mien, the acquiescing smile
Of tutor'd lips, with all that beauty, love,
Accomplishment, and sumptuous art, bestow—
Are thine; but, oh, the hollowess within!
One mingled heart society should be,
Of glowing words and generous feelings made,
And hallow'd by sincerity; but hark!
The whisper'd malice of the envious vain:
The shrug of falsehood, and the sly deceit
Of changing looks; the hypocritical glance,
The supple base, and stiff-neck'd proud,—behold!
From simpering youth to unregarded age
‘Tis vapour, vanity, and meanness all!
Where honest natures sicken with disgust;
While school'd Hypocrisy, with glistening tongue,
Performs the social serpent of the night:
A lying atmosphere, a soulless haunt,
Where fools are pamp'rd, and the vile prevail.

From Fashion moved I to the loftier scenes,
Where hosts by learning tith'd, for renown
And rank more elevate than kings bestow,
Their inward toil pursue,—and yet how vain!
There is a craving for some higher gift,
A thirst which fame and wisdom fail to quench
Alone; the fountain hath a deeper well.
And what is fame? When Hope, the morning-star

Of life, arose, enthusiast! thou wouldst climb
Her steepy height, to hear th' acclaiming roar
Of thousands echoing round thee, like a choir
Of ocean wafted o'er a mountain-head.
In the dark womb of some weird solitude
Where destiny delights to colour years;
Or by some gush of beauty, or the glow
Of emulation, quicken'd by a mighty name,—
Didst first her music whisper, be thou great!
No matter: midnight watchings, gloom and tears,
Thy heart a fever, and thy brain on fire,—
The martyrdom of thought hath won the prize;
And midst thou, among the laurel'd tribe
A paramount art throned! And dear to thee,
Young hero of the mind, is first renown;
Fresh, warm, and pure, as early love, ere Time
Hath nipt it with his frosty wing. Awhile,
In Paradise thou dream'st, and seem'st to hear
The hailing worship of posterity.
But now, come down from thy celestial height!
Descend, and struggle with the heartless crew
Who out of others' tears extract their joy;
The rocky nature of ignoble minds,
Ambitious spite, and unrelenting hate,
And all who nibble at each young renown,—
'Tis thine to wrestle with; thy spell is o'er,
And glory is a feast for shame!—reproach
It not, true happiness it never breathes!"

Again:—

"Glory, and pleasure, learning, power, and fame,
All idols of deceptive away,—mankind
Have crown'd them for the master-spell of life;
And yet, a mocking destiny they win.
How often dwelleth gladness in the smile
They raise, or rapture in the wistful dream?—
Unknown, unhonour'd, in the noiseless sphere
Of humbleness, the happy man I found.
It was not that the tears or toils of fate
Were never his; or that no stormy change
The sober current of his days annoy'd:
But in him dwelt that true philosophy
That tings a sunshine o'er the wintry hour.
The proud he envied not; no splendours craved,
Nor sigh'd to wear the laurels of renown;
But look'd on greatness with contented eye,
Then smilingly to his meek path retired:
Thus, o'er the billows of a troublous world,
As o'er the anarchy of waters moves
The seaman's bark, in safety did he ride,
Forgot his woes, and left his wants to Heaven.
I envied, tempted; but could not decoy
His spirit to the perilous ascent
Of emulative thought. He look'd around,
When glory wooed him with her trait'rous glare,
On the calm luxuries of humble life.
There sat the echo of his own pure mind,
The peaceful sharer of his love and lot:—
What beaming fulness in that tender eye,
What a bright overflow of spirit shone!
When by her sinless babe she smudged, who lay
In beauty, still and warm as summer air.
And what could care, or court, or palace yield,
Of nobler, deeper, more exalted bliss,
Than when, as weary daylight sunk to rest,
He shut his door upon the noisy world;
And with no harrowing dream of guilty hue
To mar the witching hours of love and home,
Sate by his hearth, adoring and adored!"

The next is, to us, extremely poetical and touching.

"But now for country, and her chaster scenes!—
The melody of summer winds, the wave
Of herbage, in a bloomy radiance clad,
And chant of trees, that languishingly bend
As gazing on their shadows, meet around
This charmed haunt of Nature's sanctitude.
How meekly piled, how generously graced
This hamlet fans by mellowing eye imbrow'd,
And freckled like a rock of sea-worm hue.
No marble tombs of agonising pomp
Are here; but turf-grasses of unfading green,
Where loved, yet lowly, generations sleep:
And o'er them, calm, and courtly, sigh is heaved
From hearts that live on sadness from the tomb.—
And such is thine, lone muses! by yon grave
Now hring'ring, with a soul-expressive eye
Of sorrow. Corn-fields glowing brown, and bright
With promise, sumptuous in the noon-glare seen;
The meadows, speckled with a homeward tribe
Of village matrons, sons, and holy sires.—
The hymning birds, all music as they soar,
And those twin brooks, so beautifully glad,
That whisper happy secrets to the wind,—
Such life and beauty by the landscape breathed,
And yet,—a tomb-shade overclouds it all!

A churchyard! 'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion. In the gloom of graves
I read the curse primeval, and the voice
That weak'd seems to whisper by these tombs
Of village quiet, that around me lie
In green humility:—can Life, the dead
Among, be missing, nor to me advance
The spirit of her thought? True, Nature wears
No rustic mourning here; in golden play
Her sprightly grass-flowers wave; the random breeze

Hums in the noon, or with yon froward boughs
A murr'ring quarrel wakes; and yet how oft
In such a haunt, the insuppressible sigh
Is heard, while feelings that may pilot years
To glory, spring from out a minute's gloom!

Mind overcomes me here. Amid the hush
Of stately tombs, of dim, sepulchral pomp,
And monumental falsehoods, piled o'er men
Whose only worth is in their epitaphs,
I fear thee not, thou meditating one!
Infinity may blacken round thy dream
Perchance, and words inaudible thy mind
With shadowy bodements fill;—but worldly gauds
Entice thee; whisper'd vanities of thought
Arise, and though Life lose her glare awhile,
Ambition tints the moral of the tomb.—
'Tis not so here: th' uncheated eye can dwell
On few distinctions, save of differing age;
The heart is free to ponder, and the soul
To be acquainted with herself alone.
And more development of man is found
In such calm scene, than in the warring rush
Of life."

And here, brief as our specimens are, we conclude; claiming for the young bard that public favour, of which, in some instances, notoriously jealous criticism has endeavoured to rob him. Be it remembered, that we, the objects of his early assault and his castigations, therefore, can entertain no sentiments upon this subject, but such as the fair, liberal, and honest exercise of our functions demand, not simply with respect to the author, but to the public and to literature. We hold it to be the bounden duty of the press to expose empiricism and put down immorality; but we are as certain that it ought to avoid the paltry and easy triumph of exhibiting smartness and rancour (though such means do attract notice) to the injury of real talents, and the depression of that cause common to all who write and publish, be it for fame or be it for profit. If we cannot be generous, we ought at least to be just.

Partings and Meetings: a Tale, founded on Facts. 12mo. pp. 255. London, 1830. J. B. Bell.

THIS is a very interesting tale, and written with that sweetness and grace which mark a feminine pen. Some traces there are of inexperience; for example, the treachery of Isabel is too unmitigated, and for the villany of Lawson there is scarcely sufficient cause: but, as a whole, these slight defects do not prevent the little volume before us from deserving much praise, while it gives earnest of more future promise. It is very difficult to quote from a story without destroying its interest; we shall, therefore, extract the following poem—a very original idea, well turned.

"There stood a young and blushing Hour
Beside the Morning's gate;
Sleep came to render up his power,
And all his deeds relate.

"A lover I soothed on his anxious pillow;
A sailor I rock'd on the foaming billow;
An infant wept on its mother's breast;
I breathed around, and it sunk to rest;
I've been to the prison, I've been to the cot,
And labour and sorrow awhile were forgot!"

"But where were you at dawn of day?"
Replied the blushing Hour,
"Oh! I was summon'd far away,
To a baron's lofty tower.

In peril and fear he had past the night,
His chamber he sought at dawn of light,
"And now," said the baron, "I'll call on sleep,
Round my aching temples his watch to keep!"

Your sister came, the youngest Hour,
To guide me on my way;
We softly enter'd that dark tower,
Where on his couch he lay.

Ask me no further; the bright rising sun
Would shrink from the course, ere his race begun!
The birds would fall lifeless, while thunders peal'd
Through the dusky air, were the truth reveal'd;
But never shall you, or your sister, bright Hour,
Conduct me again to that desolate tower!"

A very lively introduction opens the book; and we cannot but think the fair writer would

succeed in a longer work, in which were mixed both pathos and gaiety. Of her animation, deprived as we are of the power of selection from the fiction itself (so interwoven every thread of it is with the whole web), we shall venture a slight example from this preface.

"A young lawyer in our town, who wished to try his fortune in London, borrowed 500*l.* of my father: at his death, I thought I might as well see about it. Mr. Vellum was married, and lived in Montague Place. I soon found the house, and, though he was not at home, I was shewn into the drawing-room: it did my heart good to look at the blue silk curtains, and chandeliers, and all Mrs. Vellum's bracelets; for I felt that 500*l.* could be nothing. Mrs. Vellum seemed a very discreet woman, so I made no scruple of telling her the whole business; then she asked me to return at six o'clock to dinner, and go with her to a ball in Bedford Square: she would take no denial—luckily I had packed up my diamond shirt-pin: the waiter at the White Horse Cellar recommended a very fashionable hair-dresser; I chose out a nice-looking chariot from the stand in St. James's Street, and arrived at Mr. V.'s door just at the moment his hand was on the knocker. After dinner he was so kind as to offer to pay the 500*l.* immediately; but he felt it a duty to say, that if I chose to make it up a thousand, and leave it in his hands, there was an opportunity of increasing my fortune, which might never occur again. The 1000*l.* would purchase twenty shares in the 'United Brass Company'; they started with one million capital: this would enable them to supply the whole coast of Africa, and several islands in the Mediterranean with coal-skuttles and warming-pans. Now reckoning the sale at the rate of one skuttle to four souls, (a very moderate computation,) the profit would be immense. Mr. V. took the pains to explain it so clearly that I should have been a fool to hesitate; he arranged it all, and wrote the advertisement for the sale of my farm at East Grattanby; indeed he was so kind as to send his own servant to the office of the Times newspaper: then I went to the ball. I resolved to remark every circumstance, because I never might be in such fashionable society again! One thing I could not understand; the company went down two and two into a small back parlour: there was a long table with tea-things and glasses; there might have been other things. I was afraid to look; for seven maid servants, dressed all in white, stood behind the table, and whichever way I turned, I found one of them staring at me. And before the fire were wet dusters drying, and a pair of boots. When I asked Mrs. V. the reason, she only said it was tongueish; (allding, no doubt, to the clatter of the tea-tongs). One young gentleman (a Lancer they called him, which is the London name for an apothecary, I suppose, and certainly much genteeler,) led his partner close up to the table, and they began to converse: now, thought I, let me take advantage of this to learn the opinions of society. The Lancer said he was just up by the mail. 'Oh!' said the lady, and she lived in the square, 'how I wish to be once in a stage-coach, I do so long! but pa won't hear of it, now we have our own barouche.' 'Quite—right' replied the Lancer; and here I beg to inform all country practitioners, that *London Lancers* never speak more than two words, and those, divided,—thus. 'Oh, but I must,' the lady continued, 'for do you know, I am told the people sit with the straw up to their shoulders.' Now when I remembered this, a question naturally arose:

did not this lady speak the sentiments of her sex and rank? and may I not gratify hundreds and hundreds by opening the door, and shewing the interior of a stage-coach, while they sit genteel and proper in 'their own barouche?'"

Altogether, between playfulness and observation, gentleness and acuteness, this is a most un-book-making and truly natural production.

Three Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money, and on some Effects of Private and Government Paper Money, &c. By N. W. Senior, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 103. London, 1830. J. Murray.

It will be remembered by those of our readers who take an interest in economical speculations, that we have from time to time endeavoured to draw their attention to the lectures of Mr. Senior, as they were (in compliance with the statute by which the professorship was founded) successively published. And though we have not always agreed with Mr. Senior's opinions, even upon important points, we are not disposed to attribute these differences to any partiality in his views, or haste and want of caution in arriving at his conclusions; nor do we feel inclined to abate one jot of censure in consideration of "the imperfect" manner in which the lectures, by the very statute of foundation, are required to be, submitted to the press. Neither, for the same reason, can we allow that their merits are enhanced by the precipitancy exacted in their composition. These lectures are in fact well written and well considered. The author must have stepped into his chair already an easy writer and a good economist; and the lectures he has published (now composing a considerable volume) appear to us not only important contributions to the science, but, what is of scarcely less importance, peculiarly adapted for the use of beginners. We have made these general remarks on Mr. Senior's lectures, because, on reference to the statute, we apprehend that the present number (if we may so speak) will be the last; and that the volume of published lectures is now complete.

Our immediate business, however, is to offer a few observations on the three lectures recently published. The subjects discussed—always important—possess at the present moment a peculiar interest, and will continue to engross the public attention from time to time, so long as the general ignorance concerning them shall enable foolish or designing persons to put forward "the currency" as a bug-bear to frighten and to mislead. We cannot pretend to discuss the question, or even to examine the doctrines propounded in the first of these lectures, relating to the means of obtaining gold and silver,—to the comparative expediency of employing the precious metals or paper as money,—or to the effects which alternations from the use of one sort of money to that of the other have really produced, or are capable of producing, upon prices. We shall only remark, that Mr. Senior appears to us,—although he may not appear to himself,—to concur in substance with the opinions of Mr. Ricardo, and the modern school of political economists. It seems to us, that what he treats as "the effects produced on the value of money in any country by the skill and diligence with which the labour of that country is applied," amounts in other words to this: that the cheaper any given country can afford to sell its produce, either to the mining countries, or to others which can pay in gold or silver, the more gold

and silver it will import, whether for the purposes of currency or for private use. We think that these propositions, when duly examined, will prove to be identical; and we are at all events convinced, that all the consequences which Mr. Senior has drawn from the former are equally deducible from the latter. To some of these consequences we would call a moment's attention,—particularly on the part of those who have lately petitioned the legislature to resort to a prohibitory system of trade, as a remedy for low prices.

"It would be a painful task to trace the steps by which the increasing embarrassments of commerce, occasioned partly by our own adherence to the barbarous policy called protection, and partly by the retaliatory follies of other countries, by diminishing the market for English labour, are now gradually lowering its price, increasing the cost of obtaining the precious metals, and reducing the income of every producer, while the public burdens, nominally the same, are, for that very reason, really in a state of constant increase. It is a lamentable proof of the public ignorance on these subjects, that the general fall of prices, or, in other words, the increasing difficulty of obtaining the precious metals, of which every one is sensible, should, by almost every one, be attributed to some cause of almost ridiculous inadequacy. It has been attributed to our return to a metallic currency, as if the subtraction of twenty millions of sovereigns, or less than four hundred thousand pounds troy of gold, from the ten millions of pounds troy of gold bullion, coin, and plate, supposed to be in use throughout the world; that is to say, the removal of one-twenty-fifth part, could sensibly affect the value of gold. It has been attributed even to the substitution of gold and silver for the three or four millions of one pound notes lately called in; as if the value of the two thousand millions sterling of gold and silver bullion, coin, and plate, supposed to be in use throughout the world, could be materially affected by the subtraction of less than one-five-hundredth part of it. It has been attributed to over-production. We have been told that our agriculturists and manufacturers all produce too much; as if it were possible that every body could have too much of every thing; as if there were a single family that would not like to spend 1000*l.* a year. It has been attributed, which is nearly the same explanation, to the increased use of machinery; as if it were possible that general embarrassment could be the result of the improved efficiency of labour; as if all men would be impoverished if their force and their skill were doubled. It has been attributed even to free trade; as if any thing approaching to free trade had ever been conceded; as if free trade were not specifically the cure of the evil of which it is represented as the cause; as if the allowing every man to exert his industry in the mode which he finds, from experience, to be most productive, would diminish its value; as if we could increase the incomes of the inhabitants of Manchester, by forcing them to turn their bleaching grounds into corn fields; or those of the neighbouring farmers, by forcing them to weave their own shirts."

Can any thing, in fact, be more obvious than the proposition, whether applied to the precious metals or any other foreign commodity,—that those who have most to give will get most in return?—that if (as some persons appear to wish) our foreign commerce were destroyed, we should not only be deprived of tea and sugar, but of gold and silver; and all this for the sake

of eating our own corn, and pleasing those who produce it?

The last two essays in this volume treat of certain effects of paper money: first, when issued by individuals; and secondly, by governments. These essays contain a brief but highly instructive account of the Bank Restriction Acts in England; the issue of inconvertible paper in France, during the regency (commonly called the Mississippi scheme); and finally, an account of the revolutionary currency, well known by the name of *assignats*. Our space will not allow us to allude to the latter two subjects; but we heartily recommend them to the best attention of our legislators and the public.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

With Etchings by W. H. Brooke, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Dublin, 1830. W. Curry. GENUINE and capital Irish Stories and Traits these are; equally entertaining as descriptive of manners, and diverting as humorous illustrations of the grotesque-romantic, if we may duplicate and coin a word of such a fashion. We opened the book, indeed, with some fear that the grain had been pretty nearly thrashed out of this crop by the amusing and characteristic labours of Mr. Crofton Croker, of Mrs. Hall, and by the clever novels of Crowe, Griffin, Banim, and other writers who have recently done so much for Irish literature: but our fears were groundless; and what between Brooke's felicitous designs and the author's naive and native talent, we have here a publication which may well be placed on the shelf beside its most popular contemporaries.

A preface brings the story-tellers together, like Boccaccio in his Decameron, but by the fireside of an Irish cabin public-house; where each in turn tells his tale, consisting of "The Three Tasks," "Shane Fadh's Wedding," "Larry McFarland's Wake," "The Battle of the Factions," "The Funeral and Party Fight," "The Hedge School and the Abduction of Mat Kavanagh," and "The Station." All of these possess peculiar merit; and never were the festivals or feuds of Ireland painted with a more accurate pencil. Besides, though we have already admirable delineations of the Milesians of the southern and western provinces, we do not remember to have met before with any accounts which afford so lively a picture of the peculiarities which mark the northern Irish—the Ulster Crenchts, as they are called, and who, the author observes, are as different from the others as the people of Yorkshire are from those of Somersetshire. We are, therefore, well pleased to accompany him to the poor mountain haunts of Tyrone, Donegal, and Derry; and we can promise our readers much amusement from following the same course for themselves, after we have given them such a taste as we can of the treat,—not having the dread of the author's shillaly* before our eyes at all.

The sketch of Ned McKeown, which forms the introductory part, is excellent; nor is that of his wife Nancy inferior to it. The party assembled about them—priest, rustic, traveller—are also replete with individual character; and the scenery is worthy of the inhabitants.

* "In presenting (says he) the following 'Traits and Stories' to the public, the author can with confidence assure them, that what he offers is, both in manufacture and material, genuine Irish; yes, genuine Irish as to character—drawn by one born amidst the scenes he describes—reared as one of the people whose characters and situations he sketches—and who can cut and dress a shillaly as well as any man in his Majesty's dominions; ay, and use it, too; so let the critics take care of themselves!"

The following, for example, is very new to us:—

"It may be right here to inform the reader, that about two hundred yards from Ned's house stood a place of Roman Catholic worship, called 'The Forth,' from the resemblance it bore to the forts or raths so common in Ireland. It was a small green, perfectly circular, and about twenty yards in diameter. Around it grew a row of old, overspreading hawthorns, whose branches formed a canopy that almost shaded it from sun and storm. Its area was encompassed by tiers of seats, one raised above another, and covered with the flowery grass. On these the congregation used to sit—the young men probably swearing-in a ribbonman, or ogling their sweethearts on the opposite side; the old ones in little groups discussing the politics of the day, as retailed by Mich M'Caffry, the politician; while, up near the altar, hemmed in by a ring of old men and women, you might perceive a *voeten* repeating some new prayer or choice piece of devotion—or some other, in a similar circle, devouring with sanctimonious avidity 'Doctor Gallaher's Irish Sermons,' 'Pastorini's History of the Christian Church,' or 'Columbkil's Prophecy'—and perhaps a strolling pilgrim, the centre of a third collection, singing the *Dies iræ* in Latin, or the 'Hermit of Killarney' in English. At the extremity of this little circle, was a plain altar of wood, covered with a little thatched shed, under which the priest celebrated mass; but before the performance of this ceremony, a large crowd used to assemble opposite Ned's shop-door, at the cross-roads. This consisted of such as wanted to buy tobacco, candles, soap, potash, and such other groceries as the peasantry require. After mass, the public-house was filled to the door-posts with those who wished to get a sample of Nancy's *iska-behagh*, and many a time has little Father Neddy himself, of a frosty day, after having performed mass with a celerity that was the admiration of his auditory, come in to Nancy, nearly frost-bitten, to get a toothful of mountain-dew to drive the cold out of his stomach. The fact is, that Father Neddy Deleery made himself quite at home at Ned's, without any reference to Nancy's saving habits; the consequence was, that her welcome to him was extremely sincere—"from the teeth out." Father Ned saw perfectly through her assumed heartiness of manner, but acted as if the contrary was the case; Nancy understood him also, and, with an intention of making up by complaisance for her nearness in other respects, was a perfect honeycomb. This state of cross purposes, however, could not last long—neither did it. Father Ned never paid, and Nancy never gave credit; so, at length, they came to an open rupture: she threatened to process him for what he owed her, and he, in return, threatened to remove the congregation from 'The Forth' to Ballymagowan-bridge, where he intended to set up his nephew, Bill Buckley, in the 'public line,' to the ruin of Nancy's flourishing establishment. 'Father Ned,' said Nancy, 'I'm a hard-workin', honest woman, an' I don't see why my substance is to be wasted by yer reverence, when ye won't pay for id.' 'And do you forget,' Father Ned would reply, 'that it's me that brings you your custom? Don't you know that if I bring my flock to Ballymagowan, ye'll soon sing to another tune?—so lay that to your heart.' 'Troth, I know that whatever I get I'm obliged to pay for id; an' I think every man should do the same, Father Ned. You must get a hank iv yarn from me, an' a bushel or

two iv oats from Ned, an' yer riglar dues along wid all; bud, avourneen, id's yerself that wudn't raise yer hand over iz, if we war in the last gasp, for all that, widout gettin' the silver.' 'Salvation to me, but ye'd skin a flint.' 'Well, if I wud, I pay my debts.' 'You do?' 'Yes, troth, do I.' 'Why, then, that's more than you'll be able to do long, plase the fates.' 'If all my customers war like yer reverence, it is.' 'I'll tell ye what it is, Nancy, I often threatened to take the congregation from 'The Forth,' an' I'll do id—if I don't, may I never sup sorrow.' Big with such a threat, Father Neddy retired. The apprehensions of Nancy on this point, however, were more serious than she was willing to acknowledge. This dispute took place a few days before the night in question. Father Neddy was a little man, with a red face, slender legs, and flat feet; he was usually cased in a pair of ribbed minister's gray small-clothes, with leggings of the same material. His coat, which was much too short, rather resembled a jerkin, and gave him altogether an appearance very much at variance with an idea of personal gravity or reverence. Over this dress he wore, in winter, a dark great coat, with high collar, that buttoned across his face, shewing only the point of his red nose; so that, when riding or walking, his hat rested more upon the collar of his coat than upon his head. The curate was a tall, raw-boned young man, with high jutting cheekbones, low forehead, and close knees. To his shoulders, which were very high, hung a pair of long bony arms, whose motions seemed rather the effect of machinery than volition. His hair, which was a bad black, was cropped close, and trimmed across his eyebrows; the small-clothes he wore were of the same web which had produced Father Neddy's, and his body-coat was a dark blue, with black buttons. Each wore a pair of gray woollen mittens. 'There, Pether,' said Father Ned, as he entered, 'hook my bridle along with your own, as your hand's in.—God save all here! Paddy Smith, ma bouchal, put these horses in the stable, till we dry ourselves a bit—Father Pether an' I.' 'Musha, bud yer both welcome,' said Nancy, wishing to wipe out the effects of the last tiff with Father Neddy, by the assistance of the stranger's punch, 'will ye bounce, ye spalpeens, an' let them to the fire. Father Neddy, yer dhreepin' wid the rain; an' Father Pether, avourneen, yer wet to the skin, too.' 'Troth, an' he is, Nancy, an' a little bit farther, if you knew but all—four tumbler, Ned—deuce a spudh less. Mr. Morrow, how do you, do sir?'—

We are obliged to break off in the middle of this colloquy, which leads to the tale-telling, and is so connected with the whole substance of the work, that it is out of our power to separate it for extract; and, indeed, as we have almost weekly to acknowledge, we find nothing so difficult to review and illustrate fairly as narratives of fiction. We shall endeavour, however, to do our best with the "Three Tasks," adding our own task, as a fourth, to the number.

Jack Magennis is the son of a decent widow, Nancy Magennis;—a well-behaved lad, and attached with strong filial affection to his mother. "Jack, indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. Is't he that knew how to handle a spade and a raping-hook, and what was better nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in

the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack, that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off of her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clane and comfortable; his linen, though coarse, was always a good colour; his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time, Nancy would sew on the fore part of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn't been working in them at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing 'Stachan Maragh,' or 'Peggy Na Laveen,' beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clane praseen, on the well-swept hearthstone; whilst the quiet, dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes that stood over against the side-wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and, on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, 'Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if ye can.' Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half-a-dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and *egg-milk* for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every season, to help to buy wool for Jack's big-coat, and her own gray-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat. To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always observed to have a decent, ginteel turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself; and instead of dhinking his little earning in a shebeen-house, and then eating his praties dry, he'd take care to have something to *kitchen* them; so that he was not only snug and decent of a Sunday, regarding wareables, but so well fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comeliest and best-looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, maybe there wouldn't be many a ly lookout from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis. In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and contented as two lords; except now and then, that Jack would feel a little consarn for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and small family into poverty and hardship. It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all blinking

that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the *Humours of Gylan* into himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clump of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobaccy in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however, had a stout heart, bekase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afraid. 'Who is this coming down toardst us?' said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. 'It's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm), would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—'it's Jack Magennis,' says the dog, 'honest Widow Magennis's dacent son.' 'The very man,' says the other back to him, 'that I'd wish to sarve, out of a thousand.—Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?' says the ould fellow, putting the *furraen* on him—'and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll hould a thousand guineas,' says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, 'and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night.' 'And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal,' says the dog, putting in his tongue, then wagging his tail, and *houlding* out his paw to shake hands with Jack. 'Gintlemen,' says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, bekase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him—'Gintlemen,' says he, 'ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night.' 'Why that's true, Jack,' answers the ould fellow; 'but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makings of it.' So, with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know, by the jingle of the shiners, what was in it. 'Jack,' says dark-face, 'there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clump with me, and take a hand at the *five and ten*, pulling out as he spoke, a *peck* of cards, 'you may be a made man for the remainder of your life.' 'Sir,' says Jack, 'with submission, both yourself and this cur—I mane,' says he, not wishing to give the dog offence—'both yourself and this dacent gintleman with the tail and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I don't mistake,' says he, putting his hand to his hat, 'I never had the pleasure of seeing either of ye before.' 'Never mind that,' says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; 'we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it's now your own fault if you're not a rich man.' Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw loock in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth. 'Jack,' says the black man, 'you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman, we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after.' 'Upon my

reputation, what he says is true, Jack,' says the dog, in his turn, 'the lucky minnit of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch.' 'And what am I to do,' says Jack, 'that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?' 'Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself,' says black-brow; 'that's all, and I'm sure it's not much.' 'And what is it to be for?' Jack inquires, 'for I have no money—tare-nation to the rap itself's in my company.' 'Well, you have yourself,' says the dog, putting up his fore claw along his nose, and winking at Jack, 'you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted:—he'll bet the contents of this bag; and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—'it's ten thousand ginneys in hard goold; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag.' 'And the money that's in it?' says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain, any how. 'Every penny,' answered the ould chap, 'if you win it; and there's fifty to one in your favour.' By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. 'The money that's in it, Jack,' says he; and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing: 'O, by this and by that,' says he, 'but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it; but for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to. At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted. 'Well,' says he, scratching his head, 'why, worse nor lose I can't, so here goes for one trial at the shiners, any how!' 'Now,' says the obscure jintleman, just whin the first card was in his hand, ready to be laid down, 'you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag.' 'Exactly,' says Jack; and just as he said the word, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, 'Surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich.' This pluck'd up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise, than Jack to loose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be?"

His future adventures are so laughable and marvellous, that we must bestow a second paper upon them next week.

Herodotus, translated from the Greek, for the use of general Readers; with short explanatory Notes and Maps. By Isaac Taylor. 8vo. pp. 766. London, 1829. Holdsworth and Ball.

WE are happy in giving a cordial welcome to this very seasonable publication: the father of history has never yet made his appearance among us in an unexceptionable form till now. Littlebury is coarse, and not trustworthy; Beloe loose and uncertain; while both are objectionable on the score of delicacy. Though Herodotus is not fairly chargeable with pruriency, he has occasionally permitted himself to communicate specific details which, in their naked form, render it impossible to recommend an indiscriminate perusal; and we must confess that we had, hitherto, taken for granted the impracticability of so discarding or dis-

guising them, as to make him fit for the parlour table. Mr. Taylor has, however, undertaken to accomplish this; and, we can venture to affirm, from a rather extensive comparison, with decided success. We have felt some surprise at the ease with which he has contrived to communicate the fair amount of the information, while extirpating every remnant of grossness; and there is now nothing to prevent us from putting into the hands of youth, one of the most entertaining, as well as most important, among historical compositions.

Our readers would hardly thank us, at this time of day, for a regular analysis of the nine books of Herodotus; nor could we, were such an abstract desirable, give up so much space as it would demand; since, although their proper subject is a mere episode of Grecian history—the illustrative and ornamental matter ranges over a large surface. In connexion, immediate or remote, with the feuds and hostilities of Persia and Greece, the ancient historian brings in the annals of Lydia, Assyria, Media, Persia, and Egypt, mixed up with traditions and legends, always amusing, and frequently valuable. It is quite obvious, that to give all these their full effect, extensive commentary and annotation are required; and we cannot imagine a finer textbook for the scholar. In the present instance, such an apparatus would have been superfluous, since a different object was contemplated.

No one will question the advantages to be derived from studying history in its sources, rather than in secondary authorities; and it is highly expedient that every facility should be afforded, even to the general reader, for the attainment of primary information. There are in this country thousands of intelligent individuals to whom the languages of antiquity are unknown; but who are both capable and desirous of searching out for themselves the original materials of history. To all such persons, the volume before us will be found a valuable acquisition. The translation is clear, fluent, and expressive; while the preface and notes, though brief, are comprehensive and satisfactory.

If Herodotus should ever become—and why should it not?—a school-book, even in a course of English education, no translation that we have seen can be better suited to such a purpose. A single volume, excellent typography, neat and available maps, are circumstances which every way favour the pretensions of Mr. Taylor's work.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or, a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Vol. I. Part I. Seventh Edition, with the Supplement to the former Edition incorporated. Illustrated by an entirely new set of Engravings on Steel; and edited by Professor Napier. 4to. Dissertation, pp. 64—Encyclopædia, 72. Edinburgh, Adam Black: London, Simpkin and Marshall; Whittaker and Co.; Hamilton and Adams; Jennings and Chaplin: Dublin, J. Cumming.

THE very respectable character attained by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on its first appearance, has been continually heightened by the improvements made upon subsequent editions; and now that the seventh edition is commenced on a popular plan, and so many able parties have followed the example set, we need only refer to these facts, and to the extent of publication, in proof of the great value of the work, and of the estimation in which it is deservedly held. The Supplement, published a few years ago, and which attracted much notice, from the talents displayed in it, is here incor-

porated with the original text; and still more modern improvements and discoveries are also promised to be carefully added,—so that the Dictionary will be complete to the present time, *i. e.* to the current ten years,—for the letter A will be ten years old before the letters Y Z are produced. The parts are to follow in monthly succession, so as to form two volumes, each of about 800 pages, in a year; and the whole, it is calculated, will reach to 20 or 21 vols. The prefatory dissertation is to appear by portions in the first twelve parts, so as to be the first of the two volumes in the first year; the second beginning the alphabetical order. Upon the specimen on our table we shall simply remark, that we like the arrangement and general appearance of the typography; and that the plates (acoustics, aërostatics, and agriculture, four in all,) are well engraved; but the two maps of Africa do not please us so well, wanting clearness in execution, and the correctness they might have possessed in nomenclature. Besides the lights thrown on geography by the latest travels, no one now prints the Straits of Bab el Mandeb by the old erroneous title of Babelmandel. We would also recommend to the spirited and intelligent publisher of this work to consider it, as it is, a great national undertaking, and to strive to render it simply worthy of national favour by employing competent persons to polish the style. We do not require, in so mixed a production, that every subject should be treated in refined language; but all ought to be plain and lucid, and, especially, correct. By referring to the article Abyssinia, it will be seen that there is on the contrary some very slovenly writing, such as a well-educated corrector of the press (a class of infinite value to authors) would not have suffered to pass. Wishing Mr. Black the popularity he so justly deserves, we do not mention these points in any unfriendly tone, but as hints for his consideration. It is easy to mend at Part I., and it would be fatal to great success at Part XXX. or XL. to have public opinion fixed that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was an inferior performance; and Professor Napier is bound to be very attentive to this subject, both for the sake of the large capital embarked, and for his own literary reputation.

The Perth Miscellany. Nos. I. and II.
Morrison, Perth.

WE always rejoice to hail new contemporaries in the common field of literature; and the present, from the specimens before us, appears to be well worth a hearty welcome. It is very difficult for any provincial journal, even though produced in the most populous place, and conducted with great talent, to keep alive that spirit of novelty, and furnish that general intelligence, which is demanded by the pampered appetite of the public, with such success as to reward the toil and expense of publication. Merely local encouragement makes a long starvation, but does not support even the best efforts of this kind; and we see them successively "rise like the rocket, and fall like the stick." And this is a vexation to us, the parent, as it were, of the whole progeny. We could wish to see our children, legitimate and illegitimate, prosper; for there is not one of the breed that would not do some good; and when we read the contents of such able clansmen as we have in Edinburgh, Dublin, Oxford, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c., we feel a degree of pride in having led to a system, which, by the diffusing of useful knowledge, unencumbered by pedantry, and treading in the ways of

pleasantness, may produce much good, and can do no evil. *The Perth Miscellany*, (and *Perth* ought to be named with praise, as a town of marked intellectual cultivation, and literary and scientific activity), is more original than almost any periodical we have seen out of London; and from the abilities displayed in it, deserves to be not only a favourite (where, they say, no man is ever esteemed a prophet) in its own country, but in a wider circle.

A Letter to the Bishop of Norwich from the Bishop of Salisbury. Rivingtons; Hatchard and Son.

THE firm friend of the Church of England, and the uncompromising defender of the Protestant faith, the excellent Bishop of Salisbury has here addressed a letter to his brother of Norwich, in which he repels the charge of bigotry and prejudice applied by his lordship to those who opposed the Roman Catholic claims. It is an able pamphlet, and, what is better, written in a spirit of Christian moderation and charity, the great object being to re-assert the religious principles of the Reformation, and the consequent opposition to the admission of "Papists" into Parliament. As we abstain from all polemical discussions, we shall only repeat that the learned and pious author's arguments are put with admirable simplicity and logical as well as historical strength: his motto speaks the rest.

ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ ΜΑΙ ΠΡΩΤΑ ΣΤΟΥ, ΝΟΜΟΣ ΔΕΣ ΔΙΑΜΑΡΤΗΣ,
ΤΙΠΟΣ, ΝΑΙ ΣΕΒΟΤ ΟΡΚΟΝ.

RELIGION HONOUR, as by LAW established,
Your first great care; and VENERATE AN OATH.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, &c. By Thomas Fuller, D.D. 12mo. pp. 365. London, 1830. Pickering.

A VALUABLE reprint of a too much neglected work, by the author of our *Church History* and *Worthies*. These pages (exactly the number of the days of the year) abound in fine and original thoughts, applicable to all periods, though written during the stormy times of the struggles between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. To the serious part of the community, the volume may be recommended for its matter—to the merely literary, for the beauty of its similes and other merits of manner.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly. A.M. H.R.S.L. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have, perhaps, the only good excuse which any literary or critical periodical could offer for confining our remarks upon these volumes within a narrow compass, having paid our tribute of just applause to nearly the whole collection, (now made for the first time,) as the principal poems appeared in separate publications.* Yet we rejoice to see the fruits of Mr. Croly's poetical genius thus brought together and presented to the public in one point of view, as it must not only tend to exalt his fame, but afford much gratification to the lovers of fine composition. We have, indeed, felt more than surprise that such works as *Paris in 1815*—*The Angel of the World*—*Gems from the Antique* (in conjunction with Mr. Dagley's designs)—the drama of *Catiline*—and *Sebastian*—did not obtain a wider popularity than the most successful of them reached on their first appearance; but we are sure that the union of these not less various than beautiful productions will now obtain for them the meed they so amply deserve. Full of lofty

* Some of the minor poems, too, were first published in the *Literary Gazette*.

imaginings and poetic thought; occasionally playful and often strikingly pathetic, though the general tone of Mr. Croly's muse rather belongs to grandeur than to passionate feeling,—we will venture to say, that there is hardly a theme which he has not awoken with a masterly hand, and hardly a sympathy which he has not beautifully touched in the great and multifarious range of subject embraced in these volumes. Thus enriched, we most cordially recommend them to that universal attention which they will repay tenfold by the pleasure they are so well calculated to yield.

Carwell; or, Crime and Sorrow. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

NEVER did volume more truly keep the promise of its title—a record of crime indeed do these pages unfold; but the melancholy interest that is excited is well sustained, and relieved by a most exquisite tone of feminine tenderness. Few readers would, we think, begin *Carwell*, and not have their attention kept alive to the last. Charlotte, the heroine, is a most touchingly drawn character; and the pages do credit to the talents of their fair authoress.

A Vade-Mecum of Morbid Anatomy, Medical and Chirurgical; with Pathological Observations and Symptoms. Illustrated by upwards of two Hundred and Fifty Drawings. Royal 8vo. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

THIS is an anonymous production; but it is, nevertheless, one of more than common pretensions and execution. The drawings are lithographic, and well done: the morbid changes and their attendant symptoms are succinctly, but accurately, described; and the work is altogether a very cheap and useful manual of morbid anatomy.

Hospital Facts and Observations, illustrative of the Efficacy of the New Remedies, Strychnia, Brucia, Acetate of Morphia, Veratrina, Iodine, &c., in several Morbid Conditions of the System, &c. A Report on the Efficacy of Sulphureous Fumigations in Diseases of the Skin, Chronic Rheumatism, &c. By J. L. Bardsley, M.D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary, &c. 8vo. pp. 235. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

THIS work contains a candid report of the virtues of the remedies enumerated in its title-page, and of the benefits which the author has obtained from a very extensive and discriminating use of them, in the public charities to which he is physician. We can add, with great truth, that it is a production of considerable merit, and deserving of a place in the libraries of medical men.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 3.

THE Italian theatre has closed for the season. On Tuesday evening Madame Malibran surpassed herself in the opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. The public have still another opportunity of proving their admiration of this accomplished singer, her benefit being fixed for this evening (Saturday), at the Académie Royale de Musique. This concluding representation will be composed of the opera of *Tancrède*, and a scene from Azio's *Pygmalion*, which has never been performed before a Parisian audience. On the whole, the Italian season has this year been splendid. The double gratification afforded to the public by the union of two such singers as

Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran in *Tancredi*—the powers displayed by the latter in *La Gazza Ladra*, in *Otello*, and in *Romeo*, have left a lasting impression on the recollections of the *dilettanti*. It will be no easy task again to unite a similar assemblage of talent on the boards of the same theatre. Mademoiselle Sontag is engaged for a number of years at the theatre at Berlin; Madame Malibran is about to visit England; Madame Pisaroni retires from the stage; and Mademoiselle Heinefetter quits us for Italy. Madame Mérie Lalande and Lablache are engaged, it is said, for October next. Meanwhile, definitive arrangements have been made for the representation of a series of German operas at this theatre. These performances, which are limited to twenty-four, will commence on the 13th of April, and close on the 5th of June. An opera will be performed every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, during the above period. The orchestra will be chiefly composed of the musicians belonging to the Italian theatre, assisted by a certain number of German artists. Particular attention will be paid to the choruses, which form a prominent feature of the German opera. The public will, therefore, shortly have an opportunity of judging of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best German masters. Among the compositions selected for representation are Spohr's *Faust*, the *Oberon* of Weber, the *Bibiana* by Pixis, the *Vampire*, and a new opera of Machner, which has obtained considerable success in Germany.

In point of *bizarrie*, an author of the romantic school could scarcely have chosen a more appropriate subject for dramatic representation than the career of Christina, queen of Sweden, —a queen who abdicated the throne of her ancestors to taste the charms of personal liberty, or rather to riot in the enjoyment of unbridled licentiousness. In the course of the drama, which has been represented at the Odéon theatre under the denomination of a *trilogie*, the spectators are initiated into the secret of the queen's amours with Monaldelchi, and the Italian's tragical end. In short, M. Dumas seems to have undertaken the task of exhibiting, through a sort of magic lantern, all the events of Christina's life. At Paris we see her in the midst of wits and favourites, and keeping up a secret intelligence with Sweden, in the hope of recovering the crown which she formerly abandoned for the sake of freedom. At Rome she finishes her career surrounded by cardinals, monks, grand seigneurs, and gallants. The fourth and fifth acts of this drama were loudly applauded; but a species of epilogue, with which it concludes, was ungraciously received by the sovereign public, who seemed, on the whole, rather fatigued with a composition prolonged to the romantic duration of six hours.

Private accounts from Italy, as well as various paragraphs inserted in the Italian journals, state that the lovers of *harmony* at Venice have formed themselves into two opposite parties; the one violently in favour of Madselle. Grisi, and the other as outrageous in support of Madame Caradori Allan. It appears that the representations at the Opera seldom terminate without a few broken heads given and received. The *habitués* of the pit are the partisans of Madselle. Grisi, while the more aristocratic lessees of the boxes vouchsafe Madame Caradori their gracious protection. A prodigious uproar took place on the first representation of *Maria di Brabante*. Madselle. Grisi not appearing in this opera, the pitites declared open war against the composer, and, it is said, even bribed the leader of the orchestra to introduce confusion

among his musicians, in order to spoil the effect. The trick, however, was discovered, and as a recompense for the signor leader's ingenuity, the commissary-general of police invited him to take up his abode for a few days in prison.

Pacini has composed a new opera (*Giovanna d'Arco*) for the theatre of La Scala; but the representation has hitherto been postponed, in consequence of the illness of some of the principal performers.

The inhabitants of Verona have requested Madame Pasta's acceptance of a medal representing the bust of the *prima donna* crowned by Melpomene and Euterpe.

At Dresden, a new opera of Wolfram is much talked of: the title is said to be the *Bergmanch*, or Monk of the Mountain.

Mademoiselle Sontag arrived at Berlin on the 9th of March, and was expected to make her first public appearance in the course of the week, either in the opera of *Otello*, or of *Don Juan*. On her way through Göttingen she gave a concert, which was attended by upwards of 1200 auditors. At the conclusion of the entertainment the university students unharnessed the horses from her carriage, which they drew in triumph to her hotel.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON the different methods of constructing tables of lives from which the values of annuities and reversions might be computed. The lecturer began by explaining the method of forming such tables from parochial registers: from which it appeared, that the lives embraced by tables so formed are not selected, but are taken promiscuously at their births; and that the number living at every age, according to these tables, must consist of both sick and healthy persons. The lecturer argued, that such tables were therefore unfit to be used in computing the values of annuities on healthy lives. Hence it becomes an important object to construct other and more correct tables for this purpose; and as the lives of the annuitants themselves appeared to afford the most certain data for estimating the average duration of such lives, on the supposition that the average state of health of this class of persons, at the time of their becoming annuitants, would not differ much in different individuals, it was stated that several tables of such lives had been constructed within the last few years.

It was then shewn, that an increase had taken place in the population of the country, between 1801 and 1821, amounting to more than 1-3d of the number of inhabitants contained in the census of 1801; and that it was probable the number at this time would be to that in 1801 as 3 to 2, or $\frac{1}{2}$ more; an increase which might alone (observed the lecturer) be expected to produce much of the distress now complained of. The increase in the population of London had not, it appeared, kept pace with that of the kingdom at large. In 1700 it was about 1-8th of the whole population; in 1801 it was 1-10th; in 1811 and 1821 it was 1-12th; the number of persons coming annually from the country and settling in London had been estimated at 1-4th of the yearly deaths in the metropolis. The proportion of deaths in the kingdom at large was stated to have considerably diminished within the last century. In 1780 the proportion was supposed to be about 1 in 40; in 1801, it was 1 in 47; in 1811, it was 1 in 52; and in 1821, it was 1 in 58. The extreme duration of life does not, however,

appear to have increased. The proportion of deaths in Pembrokeshire had been estimated as low as 1 in 83; and in another county, the name of which we could not catch, it had been found as high as 1 in 22 $\frac{1}{2}$; in Russia, it was stated as 1 in 41, but attended with many remarkable instances of great longevity, there having died in 1828, 895 persons between the ages of 100 and 120, and 53 between 120 and 160. The relative mortality in summer and winter was stated to be about as 57 to 72; and the difference in the number of deaths in large towns and the country nearly as 2 to 1. The well-ascertained difference in the duration of life among males and females was also pointed out, that of the females being the greatest at all ages; and it was shewn that as a compensation for the greater mortality of males, the number born to the number of females was very nearly as 20 to 19.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart., in the chair.—The meeting of this evening was well and numerously attended. Dr. Francis Hawkins read a letter from Sir Robert Ker Porter, addressed to the President of the College, on the subject of a medicinal plant growing wild in South America, and called the *guaco*; respecting the virtues attributed to which plant, Sir Robert had been at great pains to collect some facts and interesting information. It appears that there are native Indians and negroes in some parts of South America, who possess a wonderful power of handling the most venomous serpents with impunity. It has been ascertained that they owe their protection to the internal use and external application of the leaves and expressed juice of the *guaco*. The same means are also found effectual for the cure of the bites of serpents and other poisonous reptiles. It is further stated, that the use of this plant is the best preservative from, and the only cure for, that most dreadful of diseases, *hydrophobia*. The plant has received its name from the manner in which its properties were discovered. A bird of the kite kind, a great destroyer of serpents, had been observed to attack them always with impunity, after feeding on this plant;—the bird is called the serpent-falcon, or *guaco*, from the monotonous cry which it utters; and the plant has been named after the bird. It is a creeper plant, corymbiferous, growing in the hotter regions of the New World, along the sides of rivulets, and in well-shaded spots. Many other virtues are attributed to it; as, that it is a cure for rheumatism and consumption, and various other disorders. After making due allowance for some degree of exaggeration, and for the influence of superstition, it appears certain that it possesses some virtues as an antidote to animal poisons. On the table there were placed a bottle of the juice of the *guaco*, expressed in South America, as well as a dried flower, and a leaf from a plant raised in this country in a hot-house, where it grows readily.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AN election of five new members of council, in lieu of Mr. Sabine and others, was proposed. Mr. Stapleton objected to the election, and moved a postponement, as well as a repeal of the by-laws, which he characterised as "infamous;" these resolutions were put and negatived;—the election then commenced. At its close, Lord Caernarvon and others were declared duly elected. Mr. Anderson, an old

botanist, one of the earliest members of the Society, and among the first associates of the Linnean Society, complained loudly;—his pocket, he said, had been picked of 67*l.* by the Society for its *Transactions*, which, excepting the engravings, (pictures, we think, he called them), were not worth taking off the street, so trashy were they. Some members objected to the ballot; and we were informed, after we left the room, that the chairman acknowledged it was illegal, inasmuch as it had not taken place within the hours prescribed by the by-laws.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At a special meeting of the Council on Saturday last, to determine upon the appropriation of the two gold medals placed annually by his Majesty at their disposal, to be awarded to authors distinguished by works honourable to themselves and to literature, the medals of the present year were voted to Washington Irving and Henry Hallam, Esqrs. The historical productions of the last-mentioned gentleman have entitled him to this honour; and we cannot notice the high claims of the first, without also expressing a sense of additional pleasure upon the occasion, from his being the son of another country, which, though British by descent, has not before been gratified by such a mark of parental attention. We think this decision, however, justly due to Mr. Irving's talents, will be equally agreeable to the United States and to England, as an example of that right and kind feeling which ought never to be interrupted between two such nations. Nor can the compliment to Mr. Irving be considered with less than a general interest, when we observe that the body which conferred it consists of high and dignified churchmen, noblemen of great rank and estimation, and gentlemen eminent alike for station in society and for literary attainments. We hail it as an auspicious omen of future good in the intercourse between the countries—not limited to science or letters, but extended to every possible relation of commerce and politics. The medals will, of course, be presented at the general anniversary on the 29th.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR G. STAUNTON, Bart., in the chair.—A variety of donations in natural history, literature, and art, were laid on the table; amongst which were a collection of fragments of human bones, military weapons, vases, &c., taken out of a tumulus near Hydrabad, with a plan and section of the tumulus, presented by Col. Hopkinson. This cemetery formed one of a number noticed by Colonel H. near Hydrabad, having the appearance of a long low hill, composed of many circles, each about eighteen feet in diameter; at the bottom of one of which were found the remains now presented: they appear to have been a sword, a spear, two large vases, and several smaller relics, besides the bones: the metal fabrications, it is stated, seemed to be quite perfect when uncovered, but crumbled to pieces on being touched. The bones have evidently been burnt; and it is therefore imagined that the tumulus must have been the burial-place of a Hindu. The sword and spear are very similar to those still in use in India; but the other articles are of a shape now unknown. The Pasha of Egypt was elected an honorary member of the Society. Among the papers read were a few original

letters of the late Sir William Jones; in one of the earliest of which is a remark upon the advantage of writing Sanscrit words in Roman characters, instead of according to the sound: the word *pacsha* he instances as being pronounced in different provinces *pokyo*, *puch'h*, and *puck*.

ETRUSCAN VASES.*

In the account of the important discovery of Etruscan vases published in our last *Literary Gazette*, the writer observes, "There seems a pretty general idea that the opinion long since entertained by many learned men, that their beloved Italy cultivated the fine arts in great perfection, at a time when Greece was semi-barbarous, is now fully confirmed."

This impression (upon which it was not in our power to offer any observations at the moment), so far as regards the early civilisation of Italy, appears amply borne out by the subjects of the paintings on the vases, their Greek inscriptions, and by the Vitulonian inscription; all which tend to refer them to an age between the taking of Troy and the foundation of Rome. Not so, however, as regards the claim of Italy to a priority in the fine arts over Greece. For the inscriptions being chiefly in the Greek character and language, and the paintings commonly taken from Grecian subjects, as the Theban and Trojan wars, &c., conclusions diametrically opposed to such a claim appear inevitable; viz. that Greece was the source of the arts as well as of the language of Italy in the ages in question. The art of pottery may indeed have been carried on more extensively, and consequently in greater perfection, in Italy than elsewhere; but it seems quite gratuitous to seek any other derivation for those of painting and sculpture than the parent country indicated by the language of the inscriptions—the country through whose medium the arts of Egypt were refined and communicated to the rest of the civilised world.

Were history altogether silent on the subject of the colonisation of Italy, it is evident that we need go no further than these vases for the origin of the inhabitants (at least of the western coast), their language, arts, and customs, which, after this singular discovery, would be no longer a secret. But as on this subject history speaks plainly, it may be well briefly to notice the outline of the peopling of Italy preserved by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. We learn from this writer, that the Siculi, the indigenous inhabitants of the land, were expelled and succeeded by a colony of Arcadians from Peloponnesus under Enotrus, seventeen generations before the Trojan war; that these were afterwards joined by the Pelasgi, from Thessaly, under their leader Tyrrhenus. Next came Evander, with a second colony of "Arcadians, who brought with them the Greek literature, laws, and musical instruments,"† and settled in the neighbourhood where Rome was afterwards built. The next were the Heraclidæ from Peloponnesus, who fixed themselves in Latium; and, lastly, the Æneadæ, from Troas. About the same time arrived other Greek colonies, under Nestor and Diomedes, as Strabo informs us (lib. 6). The same writer acquaints us, that the Cumani, settled in Campania, left many vestiges of Grecian institutions at their colony of Naples (Neapolis).

* It is very apropos to this subject, that an Exhibition of fine Etruscan Vases, and other antiquities, is about to be opened in London. (See Advertisement.)

† Vide Dion. Hal. cited in Euseb. Chron. Armen. ed. Venet. lib. 1.

(lib. 5). There were several other Greek settlements on the western and southern coasts. Seneca extends Magna Græcia along the whole coast of the Tyrrhene sea: "Totum Italiæ latus, quod Infero mari alluitur, Major Græcia fuit."

Enough has, it is hoped, been said to prove that the important antiquities in question, far from establishing "the claim which Italy puts forth to priority in the fine arts, compared with Greece," do but confirm the account of the introduction of the Greeks, their literature and arts, supplied by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and other ancient writers; and thus far, like the monuments of Egypt, contribute to the verification of ancient history. It seems probable, that when the general contents of the inscriptions on the vases are made known, considerable light may be thrown on this subject; but so little remains of primitive Italian history, that any light thus derived must be very limited in its historical utility.

Thus much seems, however, already proved—that European civilisation was far more widely extended in the very early ages than has been generally admitted; that as the age of the Æneadæ appears to have been an age of civilisation and refinement in Italy, the vague histories of that period which have reached us through Diodorus Siculus and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, &c. are not to be despised; and that, granting the arts to have been in a high state of cultivation in Italy long before the foundation of Rome, it follows that the arts of Greece were of a much older date.

This is perfectly conformable to the accounts we have of the arrival of Egyptian colonies in Attica and Argos, under Cecrops and Danaus, about 1500 years before the Christian era; in the days of Moses, as Diodorus affirms (lib. 40, apud Phocium). Thus, as history accounts for the introduction of the arts into Italy by the means of Grecian colonies, it accounts for their prior introduction into Greece by means of Egyptian colonies. This is all perfectly consistent;—and consistency is one of the chief tests of historical truth.

It is remarkable, that, besides the Greek names of potters and painters given in the account of these vases, we find the oriental names Tiesonchonearcho and Echsekias, both which appear to be Phœnician.* This seems to argue a commercial intercourse with other countries. Italy may have been the grand emporium for pottery to the traders of those ages, when the Phœnicians were the great carriers of the world.

This may perhaps account for the demotic inscription (if it be really such) found on one of the vases; the potters of Vitulonia might have had orders to execute for the traders of Egypt. Such communication may moreover account for the bronze sphynxes which have been discovered with the vases; and perhaps also for the celebrated pyramidal tomb of King Porseuma.

An ancient tradition is preserved by John Malala, Cedrenus, the author of the Paschal Chronicle, Suidas, &c., which, if well founded (and all such obscure histories are proved by the discoveries of the present resuscitating age to be entitled to some consideration), shews how the progress of the Italian arts might have become known in Egypt. It is, that Faunus, called also Hermes, or Mercurius, king of Latium, on the arrival of Hercules, father of Latinius (Lavinia's father), migrated

* These names are not unlike those of Sanchoniatho and Echnibal, the Phœnician historian and judge. The former flourished in the age to which these vases appear to belong, according to Porphyry.

to Egypt, where he taught philosophy and became a king, and was deified as the bestower of riches and the god of gold. He might have been the same whom Manetho denominates the second Hermes, and who first transcribed the sculptured annals of the Pharaohs into the sacred Hermaic books (the source of Manetho's chronicle). It is certain that the time of this Faunus, or Hermes, in the 12th century B.C., quadrates with Egyptian history—for in that century we find two princes of the name, according to the Theban chronicle of Eratosthenes, viz.

No. 33. Sistic-Hermes, B.C. 1996 to 1943.
No. 35. Siphos-Hermes, B.C. 1900 to 1195.

C.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

(Third Notice.)

No. 294. *A Hindoo; a Sketch*. H. C. Slous.—We should not have considered it just to have called this performance a sketch, as, in the way of effect at least, we do not imagine that any thing more could have been accomplished. The sunbeam-light which crosses the lower part of the figure is admirable; and the strength and mellowness of the colour are equalled only by

No. 295. *Study of Fruit*. J. Holland; in which a similar power and richness of tone prevails.

No. 296. *October*. S. A. Hart.—If double-dealing be at all allowable, it is in the present instance, where the autumnal title is equally applicable to the toper and to his beverage. Truth of character and beautiful execution mark this gem-like production.

No. 293. *Ale-house Door*. P. F. Poole.—An appropriate neighbour to the last-mentioned work, as shewing how the abuse of a good thing produces, not enjoyment, but misery. The style of this very clever picture is remarkable for its clearness and drawing-like transparency. It may be in parts rather too slight and sketchy; but the finished portion conveys all that can be wished for of character and expression.

No. 291. *Dancing Dolls*. W. Gill.—The delights of childhood are the favourite subjects of Mr. Gill's cabinet pencil, with which he fascinates equally those who are and those who are not familiar with the principles of the fine arts.

No. 288. *Moor Game*. J. Oliver, A.R.A.—Pictures of this class, like those of fruit and still-life, are essential to the agreeable variety of every well-arranged collection. We have seldom seen one more skillfully painted; and we strongly recommend Mr. Oliver in future to "keep the game in view." We echo his title,—"More Game."

No. 285. *Portrait of a Horse*. R. B. Davis.—It is well for an artist when his reputation in his profession allows him occasionally to depart from what may be considered the common routine. In this point of view we regard Mr. Davis's animal portraits. The character of that noble creature the horse, in his free, unconstrained movements, is given by him in a manner that renders his pictures as interesting to the general amateur as to the critic of the stable.

No. 328. *The Giaour*. E. F. Green.—The principal figure in this highly-imaginative subject is very ably treated. The wild expression of the eye is well suited to the vision which the fancy has conjured up. The colouring, effect, and execution, are also entitled to great

praise. The spectre, however, strikes us as being too substantial, and too well dressed, for a ghost.

No. 315. *Travelling Tinker*. G. Vincent.—Under this title (the tinker being a very subordinate feature in the performance) will be found one of those picturesque and spiritedly-pencilled landscapes, for which Mr. Vincent is so justly celebrated. No. 333, *Landscape and Cattle*, by the same artist, is similar in character.

No. 354. *The Frosty Reception*. R. W. Buss.—A good lesson for those who are unacquainted with the world. To break in upon the solitude of a gourmand, at the moment when he fancies that he has secured to himself the exclusive enjoyment of some delicious dish, and is lifting the first savoury morsel to his mouth, is indeed a fearful experiment. Mr. Buss has well depicted the fixed and ferocious glare of the annoyed host, the obsequious deportment of the unwelcome guest, and the sly delight of the servant who witnesses the scene. Perhaps the first is a little overcharged.

No. 348. *Moonlight*. J. B. Crome.—Mr. Crome, in this pleasing work, as well as Mr. Holland in No. 269, *Composition—Moonlight*, have "visited the glimpses of the moon," not for the purpose of "making night hideous," but in order to display its beauty and loveliness.

No. 347. *Lane Scene, near Tissington, Derbyshire*. T. Creswick.—Although in the spirited execution of this picturesque subject we recognise much of the pencil and feeling of Gainsborough, yet we also see in it, as in the other works of this able artist, an originality and a variety of style and composition which place him very high in the ranks of our landscape painters.

Leaving, for the present, the North, we shall take a peep into the South Room.

No. 419. *Pro and Con*. H. Pidding.—As in Wilkie's celebrated picture of a similar subject, a batch of village politicians have assembled, no doubt to set every thing right; but, if a judgment may be formed from the apparent ardour of the principal antagonists, the debate will end in setting every thing wrong. This well-filled interior exhibits great variety of character and expression. The apathy of some of the listeners, and the different degrees of excitement in others, are admirably discriminated. Several amusing episodes add to the interest of the main story; and the whole does Mr. Pidding infinite credit.—No. 453. *The Fair Penitent*, by the same artist, is an entertaining piece of graphic wit,—a painted pun. It represents a negro in the stocks!

No. 431. *Half-way House*. E. Childe.—All that belongs to the truly picturesque, and all that can render rustic scenery pleasing, are associated in this clever composition. Such scenes as these, whether in nature or in art, are, or ought to be, productive of tranquillising thoughts and gratifying feelings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

FOUR landscape gems are now before us; viz., Doune Castle, (see *Waverley*), drawn by J. D. Harding, engraved by E. F. Finden; Penrith, by P. Dewint and E. Finden; Arran, (see *Heart of Mid Lothian*), by W. Daniell and W. Finden; and Windermere, by W. Westall and E. Finden. These are exquisite views of beautiful and varied scenes, executed in the sweetest and most skilful manner—a few inches of paper affording to the eye all the details of

earth and sky, of sea and land, of mountain and champaign, of wood and rock, and church and tower, and, in short, of every charm of British scenery and artist-like composition. They are such prints as have adorned the most finished of the *Annals*; and we rejoice to see them addressed to the works of our great novelist.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope. Engraved by Scriven, from Lawrence.

THIS very sweet portrait is the sixty-fifth embellishment of *La Belle Assemblée*; which, really, with such a mass of female grace and beauty, has well sustained its rights to the name, by the assemblage. Mrs. Hope possesses greater simplicity, combined with elegance of costume, than is common to the pencil of the late admired President; and the composition is altogether very pleasing.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A. No. XII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE memoirs which form the twelfth number of the *National Portrait Gallery* are those of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Right Rev. William Carey, D.D., and the Most Noble the Marquess of Ormonde, &c.;—the first distinguished for his learning and misfortunes, the second for his learning and virtue, the third for his illustrious descent. It is not surprising that the notice of Mr. Sheridan should be more copious than that of either of the eminent persons with whom he is here associated. Of course there cannot be any striking novelty in the incidents; but the narrative occasionally gives rise to reflections, the perusal of which may be beneficial to the hasty and harsh-judging, who forget how frequently

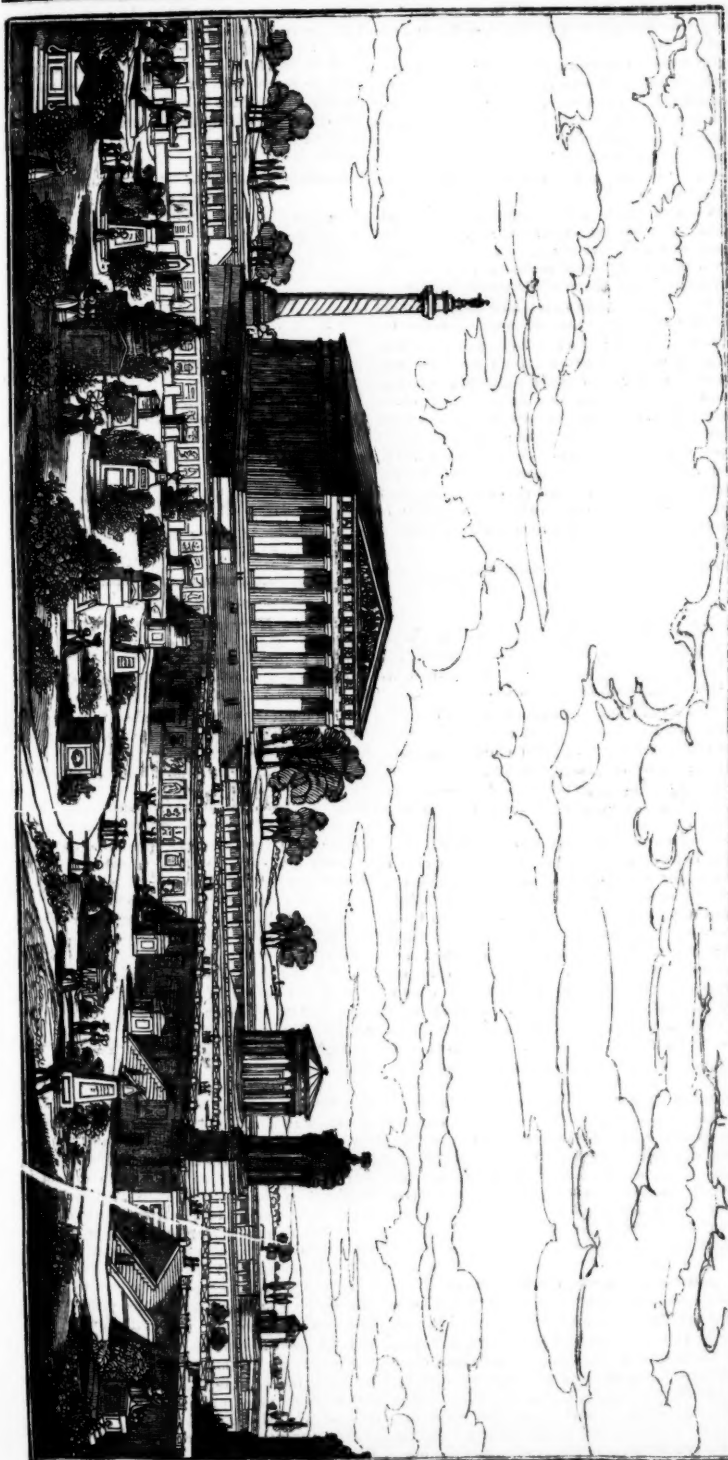
"—the light that led astray
Was light from heaven!"

This Number, completing the first volume, also comprehends a title-page, a dedication (by permission) to his Majesty, and an address to the public. In the last, the proprietors state the difficulties with which they had to contend in the commencement of their undertaking, the gratification which they feel at the present state of the work, and the confidence which the promises they have received of original portraits and materials, from many of the most eminent individuals in the kingdom, justify them in indulging with respect to the future.

NATIONAL CEMETERY.

WE this week present our friends with a representation of the inmost region of the proposed National Cemetery, which is now exciting so much interest. This View looks towards the Parthenon;—for the design embraces the erection of temples after the models of the noblest architectural remains which have been preserved to us from classic antiquity; and would thus afford to the architect and the sculptor an almost exhaustless field for the exercise of his genius.

Our readers are aware that Mr. Goodwin's drawings are objects of public exhibition; and we are informed that great admiration of these splendid designs is so prevalent, that a society of shareholders is already on the eve of being embodied for the purpose of carrying the plan into effect. Its novelty, beauty, and magnitude, certainly recommend it to general notice; and we shall have much pleasure in making it better known to the world.



BRITISH DIORAMA.

THE Royal Bazar, in Oxford Street, having risen from its ruins with increased splendour, the British Diorama has been re-opened in it with four pictures, viz. "A View in Venice," by Allen; "The Interior of Durham Cathedral," by Arrowsmith; "The Thames Tunnel," also by Arrowsmith; and "The Pass of Briançon," by Stanfield. The two last mentioned are in our opinion the most striking, and are finely contrasted in character and effect. The one represents a stupendous work of nature, the other a stupendous work of art; the one is invested with all the glowing hues of the most brilliant sunshine, the other makes the spectator fancy that he feels the damp and chilliness of a subterranean, or rather of a subaqueous position. They are both highly creditable to the able artists by whom they have been executed.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. CHENEVIX.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Richard Chenevix, Esq. which took place at Paris on the 5th inst. after an illness of a few days. Mr. Chenevix was a fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of most of the scientific and literary institutions of Europe, to the promotion of which his time and fortune were devoted. In chemistry, his name ranks as one of the highest among those who have cultivated the analytical branches of that science; and a volume of plays, written in the style of the writers of the age of Elizabeth, full of poetical beauties, together with many contributions of great interest, on various topics, to the most eminent periodicals of the day, attest the versatility and extent of his talents and acquirements. In private life, Mr. Chenevix was universally beloved and esteemed, and his death will be long and deeply deplored by his numerous friends and admirers.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LADY BYRON'S REMARKS, &c.

THIS strange matter has, as we noticed in our last, assumed another and a darker shade, from the interference of Mr. Campbell, who, assuming to be the personal champion of Lady Byron, has stepped forward to throw the most odious imputations upon the character of Lord Byron which can possibly be left to the worst imaginations to conceive. Against this course we protest, in the name of all that is honourable in human nature. We were the undeviating censurers of the poet's injurious productions during his life-time; but we cannot do otherwise than condemn, in far stronger terms, any attempt, after he is laid in his grave, to blast him for ever by mysterious and voiceless whisperings. Of what monstrous crime was he guilty?—for unless he was guilty of some monstrous crime, a foul wrong is done to his memory. His accusers are bound, by every moral and sacred tie, to be definite in their charge: against such there is a possibility of defence; but there can be no shield against the horribly vague denunciation which has been so intemperately hurled at the unprotected and unanswering dead. And what called this forth? A very slight surmise by Mr. Moore against the parents of Lady Byron—to repel which she comes rashly out with a statement that damns the husband of her bosom; and, as if this were not enough, the zeal of Mr. Campbell advances to pour additional suspicion and ignominy upon his mouldering ashes. The fame of a Byron is public property; and, after what has passed, it

is imperative on his adversaries either to fix some eternal brand upon it, such as can justify their language,—or confess that they have used expressions which no conduct of his could authorise. And we are persuaded that they must do the latter; for it is incredible that any woman of the spirit and honour of Lady Byron could have lived an hour with a man whom she knew to be a detested criminal; and far less that she should have corresponded with him in playful and soothing letters. The plea of insanity itself cannot reconcile this with any thing like the atrocious guilt now by circumstance imputed; and we do earnestly trust that an explanation will yet be vouchsafed, which shall set this painful discussion to rest in a manner more satisfactory to the world.

Having, in these few remarks, grappled with the main point at issue, we abstain saying a syllable on minor affairs: and we do not deem ourselves in a condition to blame any one of the parties we have been obliged to name.

ROYAL DESCENT: AN ANECDOTE.

WE extract the following from the third and fourth volumes (unpublished) of the "Chroniques de l'Œil de Bouff."

"Dufresney, a descendant of Henry IV. by the left side, has just taken it into his head to marry; but only see to what excess a poet may carry his originality. A young and comely washerwoman, whose account with the wit might be compared to a theatrical piece without a *dénouement*, made her way one morning into the author's apartment, and in a positive tone demanded, once for all, as she termed it, the settlement of her account. 'Your account!' exclaimed the poet, slipping on his clothes behind his bed-curtain, for the sake of decency; 'that's easily said, child; but the truth is, that for the last fortnight the jade Fortune has been in a most spiteful humour with me. Faro, and all his host to boot, have been most unmerciful.' 'The sum is but a trifle of thirty pistoles.' 'A trifle! thirty pistoles! If I had only one, I might take advantage of a lucky vein which I am positive was going to begin just as I left off last night.' 'But in eight days I am to be married; and it's no use talking; you must in the meantime find wherewithal to pay your debt.' 'Ah! you are going to be married! then it seems you have money; for alas! if you count upon my thirty pistoles—' 'I lean upon a rotten staff,—is that your meaning?' 'Not exactly, child: I will assuredly pay you one of these days; some morning when you chance to find me in possession of the vein that I was forced to abandon last night. But, a moment: thirty pistoles are not your entire portion?' 'Certainly not: by dint of washing, and scouring, and plaiting, and starching, I have amassed about a couple of hundred ducats.' 'The devil you have! Jeannette; you have indeed starched and plaited to some purpose. And who is the bridegroom?' 'An honest Norman coachee, who has promised to manage our little household matters as carefully as he drives his master's carriage.' 'A coachman! Fie! fie! a girl like you might do better.' 'Whom then would you have me marry? a duke, I suppose?' 'In truth, Jeannette, there are dukes who do not deserve you, and who are incapable of amassing in a century the two hundred ducats which your little hands have put together in so short a time. What say you to me, girl, for a husband,—his majesty's *valet-de-chambre*, and comptroller of the royal gardens?' 'You, M. Dufresney! you marry a washerwoman?' 'Why not? my

great-grandmother worked in a garden.' A slight whispering of ambition tingled in Jeannette's ear:—'I don't exactly refuse,' said she, with a downcast look;—'you are his majesty's *valet-de-chambre*, and comptroller of the royal gardens?' 'Even so, child.' 'And in case of accidents, mayhap you could become *valet-de-chambre* in some other great house,—or gardener?' 'I don't promise that,—but—I am a poet.' 'Oh, for the matter of that, your trade is not worth much. I wash for twenty poets, not one of whom pays me—but—' 'Well! have you made up your mind? Here I am—quite dressed; give me your arm,—we'll have the banns published immediately.' 'With all my heart,' said the washerwoman, taking the poet lovingly by the arm; and in a fortnight the fair starcher, whom we must now call the grand-daughter of Henry IV., was obliged to scrub and plait harder than ever to gain another couple of hundred pistoles, her husband having spent the first in a fruitless search after his vein of luck. But in a week afterwards, Dufresney made his appearance with a thousand pistoles, which Louis XIV. had given him; his majesty good-naturedly observing, that his *relation*, Jeannette, must not be suffered to starve for the crime of having married a great monarch's illegitimate grandson."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Collection of Peninsular Melodies. With Words by Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Dr. Bowring, &c. The Airs selected by G. L. H. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

WHEN we first saw the announcement of this work, we entertained great expectation as to the result, knowing, as every one must do who has ever heard a Spanish national tune, that in originality of melody and strength of expression, no music can surpass the traditional airs of the Peninsula. The guarachas and boleros, with which we have been familiarised here, have begotten, in all lovers of sweet sounds, a longing for more tunes from the same source; not scholastic compositions from modern Spanish musicians; not mere elegancies, common to all countries where music is cultivated, and which have become wearisome common-places; but vigorous and peculiar strains, born in old times of strong feeling, and finding a vent, without what Ben Jonson calls "the adulteries of art;"—we mean, in one word, "national airs." Of these, one of the finest, as regards Spain, is to be found in Corelli's violin solos: it is there called, we believe, *La Follia*, and a volume of such tunes would be inestimable.

The work before us has done much towards satisfying the hitherto ungratified wishes of the lover of music; but it does not wholly fill the void. Many of the airs are not original, not *national* in the emphatic sense of the word. They consist too much of smooth prettinesses, without distinctive character. They abound in apoggiaturas, and other effeminate luxuries of art; and they seem to have been compiled with too cautious a view to the sensibilities of the boarding-school and drawing-room. Some songs there are, however, which are genuine things, new to this country, and in themselves worth the whole price of the volume. Of these, three have fixed themselves on our memory, namely, a trio called "Expostulation;" a *zorcico*, "The Biscayan to his Mistress," and an *epigrama*, entitled "Mary's Glance." The last is exquisite.

Altogether, we cordially recommend the work to the notice of the cultivator of melody, and

of the inquirer into the early and unpolished sources of musical expression.

J. N. HUMMEL.—This celebrated composer was to leave Paris on Tuesday last on his way to England, where his arrival will make quite an epoch in the musical world. His concerts are, we hear, to be given at the King's Theatre music-room.

DRAMA.

WE have no theatrical criticisms in *Passion* week, though our Paris letter contains some curious dramatic reports from that capital. At home, the note of preparation is struck for the Easter spectacles, and Stanfield has been receiving all his travelled recollections of China for the scenery of Planché's Chinese piece at Drury Lane. Nor is Covent Garden behind in efforts: we anticipate that both will be gorgeous.

From the Edinburgh journals we gather, that after Mrs. H. Siddons's farewell, the *gude* folks of the Northern Athens had derived some consolation from the *début* of their countryman, and Crevelli's celebrated pupil, Mr. Wilson. He has appeared in *Massaniello* and *Harry Bertram*, with immense success; and his admirable tenor seems to have captivated all the connoisseurs of that musical capital.

VARIETIES.

Sheep in Hungary.—There are in Hungary 7,000,000 sheep, of which three millions belong to Prince Esterhazy.

Cincinnati.—The inhabitants of this city in the year 1802 did not exceed 800, and at this moment they amount to more than 25,000; the population during the last three years alone having increased eight thousand souls.

American.—Mr. Halleck, one of the most popular and sweetest bards of America, is about to give the world a new poem. The subject is supposed to be the "Minute Men," from which, it is hinted, his lines on Connecticut are extracted. A translation of the French novel, "La Chronique du Charles IX," is also forthcoming from an able pen.

New York.—We learn from New York, that a plan is in agitation for establishing in that city a university, on the plan of the London College. May we notice, as another sign of the march of mind, that masquerades were begun there last year, and are to be continued this season!

Astronomy.—Mr. South has mounted the extraordinary glass which he so dashingly secured at Paris (see *Literary Gazette*); and it now forms a striking feature in his superb Observatory at Kensington. The cloudy state of the weather has hitherto prevented us from enjoying the study of the heavenly bodies through this powerful tube; but we rejoice to find it employed in hands so well calculated to deduce important scientific results from its use.

French Dramatic Readings.—Monsieur Dupont finished his course of French readings last Wednesday at Willis's Rooms. Previously to entering upon the exquisite comedy of *Le Joueur*, he eloquently traced the principles of dramatic composition, and with great skill brought them to bear on the productions of his own country. Monsieur Dupont's exhibition has been, indeed, one of considerable interest; and such as must place him in the foremost rank of professional teachers.

New Invention.—The *Journal de Cadix*, of March 14, states, that a French watch-maker, named Auguste Morieau, residing in that city,

has just invented a machine, to which he has given the name of *calador*, (guardian,) as it affords complete security against robbers. The *calador* is very portable; and being placed behind a door or window, or against the wall, or on the floor, if any one should attempt to break into the apartment, it makes three successive reports, similar to those of a pistol.

Vaccination.—A statement has been published in Bohemia of the number of men who have died of the small-pox within the last twenty years, which affords a new proof of the advantages of vaccination. From 1809 to 1828 the number of deaths from this disorder has greatly diminished, notwithstanding a large increase of population. In 1809 the number of births was 134,651, and of deaths from the small-pox 13,291: in 1828 the number of births was 144,095, and that of the deaths was only 520. At the end of the last century, in 1799 and in 1800, 1,700 children died of the small-pox. The number of births was then 125,750 upon the average; and that of the deaths was not less than 135 out of 1000—it is now hardly four. These satisfactory results afford reasonable ground for the hope that the small-pox will in a few years be completely harmless in its effects.

Parisian Statistics.—There were sold, in 1829, 412,000 sacks of corn, 290,710 of flour, 1,050,000 hectolitres of oats, 3,875,000 of salt, 72,590 oxen, 14,500 cows, 66,580 calves, 380,730 sheep, 85,180 hogs. In the markets, exclusive of what was purchased at the residences of the consumers, were sold 7,940,000 francs' worth of game and poultry, 9,950,000 f. of butter, 4,180,000 f. of eggs, 4,470,000 f. of sea-fish, 815,000 f. of oysters, 580,000 f. of fresh-water fish. There have also been brought to market 901,700 hectolitres of wine, 50,680 of brandy, 7,120 of cider and perry, 97,800 of beer, 17,160 of vinegar, 5,300 of olive oil, 70,000 of common oil, 864,350 cords of firewood, 167,500 cords of white firewood, 4,160,000 faggots, 2,166,900 hectolitres of coal, 9,500,000 potles of hay, 13,920,000 of straw, 40,185 cords of building wood, 5,459 of white wood, 2,350,000 lineary metres of sawn timber, 4,250,000 of white wood, 2,100,000 hectolitres of plaster, 72,000 hectolitres of lime, 138,600 measures of rough stone, 55,600 of marble and granite, 5,800,000 tiles, 7,450,000 bricks.

Canova.—The beautiful group of *Piety* by Canova, the only work in plaster left by that illustrious sculptor, has just been executed in marble by M. Cincinnato Baruzzi, one of his most distinguished pupils. The Italian journals speak very highly of this work.

Walking Skeleton.—There is at this moment at Douai a man thirty years of age, known by the appellation of the Walking Skeleton. He has the faculty, although sufficiently *embonpoint*, of contracting his muscles and reducing his flesh, leaving his bones protruding, so as to give himself the appearance of a skeleton. With this he combines other surprising feats. He swallows with impunity all sorts of poisons, arsenic, sulphuric acid, corrosive sublimate, and devours live coals. He can also free himself from chains and manacles of every description. The most expert of the gendarmerie have in vain applied thumb-screws, hand-cuffs, irons of all sorts, to secure him; he rids himself of them in an instant. A triple chain, by way of experiment, was fastened round his body and secured with screws; by one or two movements, of which he alone possesses the secret, they fell at his feet. The name of this juggler is Jean Pierre Decure, a native (as he says himself) of Africa.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XV. April 10.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

M'Kenzie's Notes on Haiti, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
—Howison's Tales of the Colonies, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
—Coventry's Coke upon Lyttelton, royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
—Sturgeon's Bankrupt Act, 12mo. 6s. bds.
—Riland on Church Reform, 12mo. 6s. bds.
—Letters of a Recluse, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.
—Coddington on the Eye and Optical Instruments, 8vo. 5s. bds.
—Scale's Principles of Dissent, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.
—Sims' Memorials of Oberlin and De Stael, 12mo. 4s. bds.
—Irvine's Sermons, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.
—Bailey's Algebra, 8vo. 8s. bds.
—Bucke's Julio Romano, a Drama, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.
—Muir's Sermons on the Seven Churches, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.
—Mather's Elements of Drawing, 12mo. 3s. bds.
—The Young Cook's Assistant, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bds.
—Turner's Hertford, 8vo. 18s.; royal 8vo. India proofs, 1l. 10s. bds.
—Appleyard's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. bds.
—Grant on Liberty, 12mo. 3s. bds.
—Webster's Dramatic Works, 4 vols. crown 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.
—Holbein's Bible Cuts, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
—India, 2l. 2s. silk.
—Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.
—Seager's Bos Ellipses, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.
—Caunter's Island Bride, a Poem, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 1	From 29. to 43.	29.68 to 29.69
Friday... 2	30. — 41.	29.56 — 29.40
Saturday... 3	31. — 39.	29.16 — 29.76
Sunday... 4	24. — 42.	29.99 — 30.12
Monday... 5	19. — 46.	30.12 — 30.02
Tuesday... 6	19. — 49.	29.95 — 29.74
Wednesday 7	27. — 55.	29.81 — 29.74

Prevailing winds, N.W. and S.W. Generally clear; raining on the 2d and 3d, accompanied with a little hail and snow. Rain fallen, 1.275 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. February 1830.

Thermometer—Highest.....	55
Lowest.....	32.5
Mean.....	32.9535
Barometer—Highest.....	30.08
Lowest.....	29.12
Mean.....	29.62036

Number of days of rain and snow, 13.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 2.36875.

Winds.—2 East—3 West—4 North—2 South—1 North-east—5 South-east—9 South-west—6 North-west.

General Observations.—The early part of the month was very cold, attended by snow: on the 5th, at night, the thermometer stood at 32° 25', which was much colder than for many years in the same month: a thaw commenced on the 7th, and rain fell on eight different days—the greater part on the 7th and 8th, and 21st and 22d; the whole quantity of rain and melted snow 2.36875 inches, which was more than since February 1826, a remarkably wet month: there were five snowy days, and the whole depth was about 4½ inches: the mean of the barometer lower than last year, and the range less than usual. The evaporation 0.66125 of an inch.

Thermometer—Highest.....	68°
Lowest.....	27.25
Mean.....	43.38508
Barometer—Highest.....	30.34
Lowest.....	29.25
Mean.....	29.82376

Number of days of rain and snow, 5.
Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 0.725.

Winds.—5 East—9 West—1 North—1 South—3 North-east—1 South-east—10 South-west—1 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was particularly fine, and the thermometer rose to a height not experienced at Wycombe during the last seven years; the mean temperature was also much above those of the same period: the six last days had more the appearance of summer than of spring; but in the night of the 31st an extraordinary change took place, and rain, sleet, and snow, fell: the whole quantity of rain and melted snow was small for the month, though much more than last year: the barometer was considerably higher than usual, and the mean 24-100ths of an inch above that of March 1829. The evaporation 0.56325 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE constant recurrence of publications at stated intervals, such as the Library of Useful Knowledge, the Family Library, Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Constable's Miscellany, &c. &c. falls very heavily upon our columns, and forces us into an arrear not only with regard to these, but to other publications. In our present No. also will be found some of the fruits of those communications which were opened for the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, and which will henceforward give variety to these pages. But if we find that, with all our exertion, we cannot keep pretty equal pace with the influx of new and interesting matter, we shall again and again have recourse to additional sheets, to be presented gratuitously to our readers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.
The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Fifteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 24th instant.
The Right Honourable the EARL of ABERDEEN, K.T. in the Chair.

Stewards.
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart. S. Joseph, Esq.
Sir Harry Verney, Bart. G. B. Lonsdale, Esq.
Marlin Archer Shae, Esq. R. Ludgate, Esq.
F.R.A. W. H. Mann, Esq.
John Jackson, Esq. R.A. H. Munro, Esq.
Henry Helmes, Esq. Charles Russell, Esq.
John Braithwaite, Esq. George Seddon, Esq.
H. P. Briggs, Esq. A.R.A. John Smart, Esq.
C. R. Cockerell, Esq. George Booth Tyndale, Esq.
J. C. Denham, Esq. George R. Ward, Esq.
William John Donohue, Esq. George G. Wrayville, Esq.
Dinner on Table at Half past Five o'clock.
The Vocal Department under the Direction of Mr. Broadhurst. Tickets (including wine), 1l. 1s. each, may be had of the Stewards or the Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place, and at the Freemasons' Tavern.
W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 24th instant.
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES. On

Monday, the 12th instant, will be exhibited, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, a splendid Museum of Etruscan Antiquities, more ancient than the Pompeii and Herculaneum. The Collection consists of more than Three Hundred Urns, Vases, Ewers, Idols, Jewellery, Lacrymatories, and numerous other Varieties, used by the Ancients in the offering of their Sacrifices, and the Burial of their Dead. The Contents of this magnificent Museum were all lately excavated from old Vaults in the very ancient City of Volterra, in Tuscany, formerly Etruria; and the Proprietors are confident that their Exhibition will afford the highest gratification to Antiquaries, and attract the attention of all the curious and enlightened of the British Public.
Entrance, 2s.

SPLENDID EXHIBITION. Mr.

WILMHURST'S Magnificent Painted Window of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, between Henry VIII. and Francis I. (from a Sketch by R. T. Bone, Esq.) is now Exhibiting, at No. 15, Oxford Street, Five Doors from Hanway Yard. Size of the Picture, 38 Feet by 18, containing 100 Figures, with upwards of 40 Portraits, with the strictest Attention to Costume.
Admission, 1s.—Description, 6d.
Open from Ten till Dark.

TO GENTLEMEN connected with the

PUBLIC PRESS. The Proprietor of a highly respectable Provincial Newspaper, conducted upon moderate Tory principles, is desirous of forming an Engagement with some Gentleman of Political Knowledge and Literary Attainments, to contribute Weekly an Original Article for the Political Department of his Newspaper.

References as to capability, or specimens, will be required. Address (post-paid) to L. B., at Mr. Barker's Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 52, Fleet Street.

MR. BROSTER purposes residing in Town

Two Months this Season. In the mean time, Applications may be addressed to him, at his Residence, at Brook Lodge, Chester, where he also takes Two Pupils. The Progress of the System for removing all Impediments of Speech, discovered (39 years ago) by John Broster, F.R.S. Edin. M.R.S.L. &c. with References, may be had from Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, London.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF

LONDON.
A few remaining Copies of any Volumes or Parts of Volumes of the Transactions, may be purchased upon application here before the 1st of June, at a Reduction of 50 per cent from the Prices hitherto charged, and also a few uncoloured Copies at 10s. per Set.
21, Regent Street, April 1830.

BOOSEY'S FOREIGN CIRCULATING

LIBRARY, 4, Broad Street, City.
The Subscribers are respectfully informed, that their Supplement for 1830 is now ready, and will be delivered gratis to Subscribers. It contains some valuable Additions of New Books, more particularly in the French and German Languages.

The Terms of the Four Classes are from 10s. to 40s. per Year, Half-Yearly, and Quarterly. Subscriptions on the usual proportionate Scale. Further Particulars as above, and at Boosey's, 29, Holles Street, Oxford Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 12mo. price 9s. boards,
PASTORALIA; or, a Manual of Helps to the Parochial Clergyman, containing a Scriptural View of the Clerical Duties.—Hints for Pastoral Visits.—Prayers for the Use of the Clergy.—and Outlines of Sermons.

By the Rev. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A.
Of St. John's College, Cambridge, Curate of Wymington, Somerset. Printed for C. J. G., and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

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